CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLVI. NO. 46. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1918. 5 CENTS A COPY.

DEMONS of the SEA

by H·M·EGBERT

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Asking's Having

By Fred Pawling

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THE new girl in the pattern department was pathetically tired. Tom Roberts watched her furtively all that first day of her arrival, as she stood at the high desk next to his own, wearily sorting and checking the patterns for the Ladies' Fashion Realm Company.

The other young men watched her less secretly. In fact, the whole audience were thick in the pattern department that morning. For the new girl was undeniably a beauty. The other girls had noticed that fact, too.

She was hardly more than 18, and there was an air of breeding about her which more than one girl instinctively resented. Lucy Whitman was, in fact, born to better things than this six-dollar position. Her father had been a small shopkeeper, with ambitions for his children. Now he lay in bed, ill, and Lucy had a position, and the only one which offered was that of a waitress in a restaurant. She shuddered at the very thought. But it was impossible for a girl of her appearance to endure it longer. Besides the proprietor knew that she refused to make up to his customers. A pretty girl meant increased trade, and he saw to it that in accepting the cheap badinage of the clerks who frequented his place.

Lucy had always resolved to study stenography, but when she got home she was too fatigued to do anything more than slip into bed, and fall asleep exhausted. If she had been like the rest of them she would have accepted the class of men who came into her life, and instinctively she recoiled from the advances of the floor walker who have made the companionable at least.

The work in the pattern department was terrible. Tom Rogers, at 22, had been there four years. His wages had crept up from eight dollars to twelve. All day, from eight to six, he stood at his high desk. He would unfasten a huge bundle of the paper patterns, check off the number of each one to a sheet, and begin the pattern along the desk until he came to the end; then he would fasten them together, and get another bundle.

It was more than human soul could endure, this monotony of the thing. Millions of patterns must have passed thru his hands, and he was only twenty-two. And Lucy was only eighteen.

The Devoe's in which Mr. Stoller had become a shipping clerk. Stoller, a young man had stuck to his post, hoping for better things.

He had wanted to become a salesman. Devoe, the sales manager, to whom he had had a letter of introduction, had told him frankly the prospects.

"Now and then we try out new men on the road," he said. "You'd better get in at the bottom, and work up. If you don't have learned the business, your chance will come. You won't be forgotten."

That was four years ago. And since then nothing had happened. On Devoe's rare visits to the department, Tom had turned his eyes wistfully toward him. But Devoe had never noticed him, had never spoken.

Tom watched the girl day after day. The young man in the department had left her alone. They realized that she was not a "sport," as they knew by her air of breeding. Once the girl couldn't talk and joke, and give them a good time when they took her out, and flirt with them, and Rose Mary Hall did.

Tom and Lucy had exchanged greetings each morning. Once he had walked home with her in the evening. But he never ventured to speak to her otherwise until that night when she stayed behind to finish up her bundle.

She was white from the strain of the long standing; her hands shook from the work. She could hardly manage to tie up the string.

When she put on her hat Tom realized that she was crying. And a mighty rage filled his heart at the thought of the pattern factory that was grinding away their lives and taking the life of youth.

He went up to the girl. "Miss Whitman," he said unsteadily. "You—you aren't fit for the life. Let me talk to you after work."

She looked at him with wild alarm. "I've got to," she said in panicky tones. "You won't tell him. You won't tell him, Mr. Rogers? I'll be more careful. I'll make good. I—"

He caught her by the hands. "You don't think—" he began. "You don't think——" The idea was preposterous. "Did you think I wanted to make it harder for you?" he added.

His arms were about her, and she was weeping upon his shoulder. The help-lessness stirred him deeply. He kept his arm tenderly around her as they walked to the elevator.

"I am going to see you to your home, Lucy," he said.

That was the beginning of their real acquaintance. But in the factory they continued to appear as strangers. This love that had come to them was too sweet, too intimate for public knowledge.

It had been the simplest thing in the world. There never was any formal declaration. That night, as they parted, she raised her lips to his, more like a sister than a sweetheart. On Sunday's he took her on a trolley into the country. And they began to dream about the future.

The irony of that bit into Tom's soul. Supposed he managed to get fifteen dollars a week ultimately? There was no promotion out of the pattern department. It was a blind alley; the only man who got more than fifteen was the foreman, and his wage was twenty-three. Boys came into the factory and drifted out to other jobs. Girls catered, to marry, or—well, they disappeared after a time, as the young men did. Tom had been there, longer than any other.

At last he told Lucy frankly of his fears.

"There's nothing to it at all," he said. "And I don't know what to do. I guess I'm not fit for anything else, except a laborer's job, maybe. I came from a country town, and my folks never amounted to much there. I had a letter to Devoe, but he's gone. There I am. I'm just one of the wastage, Lucy."

"No!" she cried. "You are worth all of them put together. And you and you are going to succeed. I know you are."

"I will!" he said, with clinched hands. But how? In the factory was an old-timer in the heart of this grinding mill of commerce as a savage might be. He saw such men everywhere, men who rode in automobiles, who stood, in evening dress, at the theater entrances. How did they get there? And what chance couldn't he? "Say, Rogers, did you hear Brown is going to leave?" asked one of the men at the factory one day. "Got a ten-thousand dollar job with the Women's Cloak and Skirt people. Devoe's pretty sore, I guess, but everybody in his department is looking for Brown's job."

Ten thousand dollars a year! Tom felt a surge of disgust within him. He could have done as well as Brown. And he hated the pattern business. Devoe knew it. He had not been there four years for nothing! Devoe had lied to him.

During lunch hour he went into Devoe's office, passing the swing door that separated the factory from the sales department. He found Devoe in his office. He was burning all over with anger into the room where Devoe was seated alone, his feet on the desk, looking out of the window.

"You haven't told me the truth!" he heard himself crying in fury. "You told me four years ago there would be a chance for me. When's it coming? Or why don't you give me Brown's place?"

Devoe took down his feet and a flush of anger and astonishment rose to his face, was succeeded by amusement as he looked at the despairing figure before him.

"My dear boy, who are you? I don't know you from Adam," he said.

Tom thought he was lying. "I brought you a letter four years ago, and you said you wouldn't forget me, and that you tried out new men on the road," said Tom.

Devoe was interested. "Want a chance on the road, eh?" he asked. "Well, you might have had it several times. Why in thunder didn't you remind me? Think I've got time to waste on every jake that brings me a letter?

"Well, I want it," answered Tom, hotly. "Think you could get my patterns to the ladies, eh? Get me a suit? Got a smile? Know how to jolly 'em along? Say, if you've waited four years for this, you've lowing that you got forcefulness about you. I don't know as I won't give you a chance. Not that I'm any judge, young man. But if twenty per, and a commission looks all right to you for a starter, you can come into this office anon and talk it over with you."

And Tom found himself back in the cramp pattern department with his head way whirling. Twenty and a commission! What sales he would make! Presently he saw Lucy at his desk.

"Tom! What is it, dear?" she cried, amazed at his look, and clinging to him.

"It's—it's the end of this, Lucy," he answered huskily. "I'm going on the road. Put on your hat and let's get out of here. I want to—to—change it. I—cense before the bureau closes."

* * *

Misinterpreted.

AT A LECTURE a well-known English authority on economics mentioned the fact that in some parts of America the number of men was considerably larger than that of women, and he added, humorously: "It can, therefore, recommend the ladies to emigrate to that part."

A young woman seated in one of the last rows of the auditorium stood up and, full of indignation, left the room rather noisily, whereupon the lecturer remarked: "I did not mean that it should be done in such a hurry."

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CHICAGO LEDGER

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.
500-514 NORTH DEARBORN STREET.

Entered as second-class matter June 24, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under act of March 3, 1879.

VOL. XLVI. CHICAGO, ILL., NOVEMBER 16, 1918. No. 46.

Beginning of the Startling Serial Dealing With Submarine Life

DEMONS OF THE SEA

By H. M. Egbert

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CHAPTER I.

THE MAD SEA-CAPTAIN.

LIEUT. DONALD PAGET, emerging from the Navy office in Washington in a state of high exuberance at having received command of a submarine, collided violently with a tall, elderly man of singular aspect.

The stranger was dressed in a quasi-nautical costume of his own devising, resembling nothing known to any navy in the world. His gray beard gave him the aspect of a twentieth century Noah; and just then he was very angry indeed, for standing stock-still at the entrance of the building, he shook his enormous fist at one of the porters, whose black and highly shocked expression indicated his unhappy frame of mind at this breach of decorum.

"Confound you, sir!" exclaimed the lieutenant angrily as he recoiled from the impact upon the sturdy figure on which the collision had made no more impression than if he had fallen against the Washington monument. "Why don't you look——"

Then, catching sight of the long beard —"Why, Captain Masterman!" he exclaimed.

"Donald Paget!" cried the elderly man, grasping him by the hand. "Excuse my being upset, but these jacks-in-office will be the death of the republic one of these days. I have just been trying to see the Secretary on a matter affecting not only America, but the entire human race. What do you suppose they told me?"

"I am inclined to think that you got no further than the porter, captain," replied the lieutenant.

"Right, sir!" exclaimed Masterman, beginning to grow angry again. "And if I were not a man of superhuman patience, combined with inexhaustible tact, singular clarity of mind, and tenacity of purpose—in fact, no obstinate old mule—I should let the human race go hang!"

Lieutenant Paget took the irate old man by the arm. "I wouldn't do that, captain," he said, smiling. "Come and tell me all about it, and let us see whether we cannot devise some means of saving the race. You see, now that the Navy Department is so busy on account of the war, perhaps a little leniency with its shortcomings might be in order, eh?"

"The war! What war?" demanded Masterman.

"Why, our few words with the Germans, Masterman."

"What's that? War with the Germans? You don't mean to tell me we are at war with Germany?"

"Do you mean to say you don't know that America and Germany are at war?" demanded Paget incredulously.

"No, sir. And what's more it doesn't interest me. How the deuce should I know all the gossip and frivolities of the day when I only returned to the capital yesterday?"

"But, my dear captain—gossip and frivolities!" exclaimed the lieutenant. "Surely you have seen newspapers, or heard people talking about it?"

"I tell you I haven't seen or heard anything! I've got more important things to think about. Anyhow, it will have to be stopped at once," said Masterman, half turning. "I'll have to go back and see the Secretary immediately."

However, he suffered his companion to lead him out of the building and along the street, while the lieutenant, busily convinced that his old friend was mad, held him by the arm tightly and listened to the captain's disjointed mutterings in the hope of discovering the nature of his delusion.

Donald Paget had known Captain Jonathan Masterman when he was at Annapolis, where the old man, who had once been a quartermaster in the Navy, held a subsidiary position on the instructors' staff. The acquaintance had continued intermittently. Masterman had risen in life until he obtained the command of a ship fitted out, partly by private subscription, partly with the aid of a Government subsidy, for the purpose of deep-sea exploration.

Of lowly birth, he had made himself an educated man, and he was that combination which is so harassing to the official mind, being at once a notorious "crank" and a genius of strong practical quality and inspiration.

In this and subsequent expeditions he had made a game for himself by the remarkable nature of his discoveries. He had discovered the prolongation of the submarine spur of the continental shelf, extending from the Norwegian coast toward the Faroes; he had invented an improved net for scooping up the larger denizens of the ocean depths; and then he had nullified all the personal appreciation and fame which he had acquired during his various voyages by asserting that the mammalian life existed on the sea floor, and by championing the cause of the sea serpent.

In evidence of the existence of gigantic forms of life in the ocean abysses, Masterman had brought back the carapace of an enormous, turtlelike monster. Scientific critics, examining it, had identified it with stegosaurus, and had accused the captain of having stolen it from some museum. They derided his claims and impugned his veracity.

Masterman, always impossible in a controversy, had placed himself out of court by abusing Professor MacBeard, his leading opponent, in a long letter which appeared in the papers, and he had wound up by challenging the professor to fight a duel.

That was the end of Captain Masterman's activities so far as the Government was concerned. In a final interview the Secretary of the Navy had said to him:

"Personally I believe in you, Masterman. But it isn't the discoveries that count, it's getting the scientific world to believe in them. I believe in the sea serpent, myself, because I've seen three of them; but I wouldn't dare to admit it, even in my club smoking-room, and we can't get you another subsidy."

The Secretary's confession duly appeared in a newspaper article, and the cartoonist illustrated it with a drawing showing him as a sea serpent with three heads. In the course of his explanation, Masterman consigned the entire staff of the Navy Department to that place where brimstone is unmollified with molasses.

That ended the Secretary's career, and it would have ended Masterman's if his had not been ended already.

After that the old man became known as a bore who buttonholed public men and tried to induce them to subscribe to the fitting out of a new deep-sea exploration expedition. For years he haunted the lobbies of the capitol and the clubs, growing more dogged and obstinate and vituperative as he met with disappointment after disappointment.

Then, when his case seemed hopeless, he had succeeded in interesting an American millionaire, with whose aid he had fitted out an expedition to the Shetlands and Faroes, from which he had apparently just returned. Lieutenant Paget gathered from his rambling words that he had lost his ship, and had returned, the sole survivor, in one of the ship's boats, which he had rowed for several hundred miles across the stormy waters of the north Atlantic.

"But I brought my specimen home with me, lad!" he exclaimed, clutching at his companion's arm. "Think of that, lad! She didn't want to eat. They don't eat after they're mature, Donald. That stumplified matters considerable. And so I brought her, and I got her safe at my home, Donald——"

The old man's voice failed him. He began muttering to himself, absently again. No doubt his terrible experience had unhinged his brain. Lieutenant Paget had always known Masterman to be eccentric, but never before had he talked like this about the safety of humanity, and some awful and imminent danger which only he could avert. The lieutenant could see that the old man's cheeks were sunken; his eyes were wild, and under his long coat the faded blue uniform was shrunken and stained with sea water.

Paget had followed his old friend's activities with more interest than his own professional reputation as a keen, clever and practical member of the submarine branch of the naval service justified—at least, in the opinion of his friends. He felt very sympathetic toward old Masterman, as they walked along together, but he knew how famished the captain's disjointed discourse was.

Lieutenant Paget felt well pleased toward the whole world just then. He had recently returned home from service with the Atlantic fleet to receive his commission as commander of the K-65. And Miss Ida Kennedy, the daughter of the American consul general in London, whom he had met there the year before, had written him that she was sailing in company with her aunt by the Scotia for New York.

They had been good friends, and had corresponded occasionally. Paget's remembrances of Miss Kennedy were illuminated in the glow of a warmer feeling which had grown up during his service in the Atlantic; its genesis he could not trace.

As there was no time to run up to Utica to see his own folks, Paget had the evening to himself, and he did not know how to spend it, all his friends being aboard ships, and his club a solitude haunted by nomad club servants and gouty, growling old captains in armchairs.

At such a time, when his professional

Lieutenant Paget Took the Irate Old Man by the Arm. "I Wouldn't Do That, Captain," He Said Smiling.

and personal interests were being served so well by fortune, Paget felt that fate had played a wretched trick upon Masterman, whose lifework had utterly failed of recognition, owing to his defects of temperament. The he was sure that the old sea captain was cranged, he admired him as a daring seaman and an original genius of a high order.

"My dear lieutenant, I am extremely glad to have met you. Now could have been more fortunate," said Masterman, recovering his equanimity with a suddenness that surprised his friend. "Can you find the time to come into my club and have a little chat with me? It's the Inventors, but they call it the 'March Hares.' I believe, because of some of the queer characters there. In fact, between ourselves, I believe that I am the only member who is entirely sane. I joined it for professional reasons—that is to say, we have a good organization and a magazine, for the purpose of getting into touch with people who are interested in our work, and I'm the honorary secretary. Paget, for a common-sense man like myself, with no nonsense about him."

"A little trying, I can imagine, Masterman," said Paget diplomatically.

"Trying, sir? It's a confounded bore to listen to them! For instance, there's Bruno, who has just been refused a patent for his eighth perpetual-motion machine. And Hatfield, our president—he had to resign from three other clubs because he insisted that Shakespeare was really James I.

"Yes, it's a queer world, lieutenant; and the oddest thing of all is that when one has something of the utmost importance to do human race to make public, not a single man will take the least interest in it. I can't induce a single member to listen to me. However, we live and let live; and, as I said, the organization helps. But can you dine with me?"

"I've nothing particular to do this evening—for the first time in years."

"Then do come in and have dinner with me," said the old man eagerly. "I won't pretend that I'm not going to try and enlist your aid to save the human race in spite of those besotted, besotted, blind-as-a-bat blunderers in the admiralty office, bungling fools! I believe that Providence has sent you to me, and if I can't make you believe me, at least I don't think you'll laugh at me. Roderick Masterman went down into his grave without warning one human being of the world's coming doom.

"Sir, if the public knew a tithe of what I have suffered since I first discovered the enemy that ever threatened mankind—Sir, you will see it all. You will see old Jonathan Roderick Masterman's statue in gold, standing in front of the capitol."

Paget, now quite convinced that his old friend was raving mad, followed him up into a queer little building, apparently a combination of club and hotel. The smoking-room, into which they emitted to the ground floor immediately behind the clerk's desk, was crowded with members, all talking at once in loud, high-pitched voices. As the captain paused to enter his guest's name in the book, Paget looked in that the different groups with a dazed eye.

A dozen men had the floor, and were gesticulating furiously.

It was not surprising that Hatfield had been invited to resign from his other clubs, for he was shouting something about James I at the top of his voice, which drowned all other voices but one; and that was audible by virtue of a certain penetrating quality which enabled it to introduce itself, so to say, between the molecules of the stronger one.

"I tell you the gunpowder problem at all," he was crying. "Perpetual motion—"

Captain Masterman, having entered his guest's name, touched him upon the arm.

"They're all mad, my lad," said the old man; surveying the company with a look of pity. "No doubt you wonder how I can associate my name with theirs. If it wasn't for our magazine, which publishes articles appear, and our excellent organization, I couldn't bring myself to it."

"Who edits the magazine?" inquired Donald.

"That was a matter of some difficulty," replied Masterman. "I proved impossible to find a member sufficiently broad-minded to consider the others and allow them space, and ultimately I accept my own offer to become the editor, simply out of professional antagonism. Each wanted to utilize the entire available space for his own crazy ideas. So we drew lots for it. Fortunately, I won the editorship last month, and I mean to keep it," he added, picking up an attractive little publication that lay on the clerk's desk.

Donald glanced through the cover. The first article was entitled "Wonders of the Deep Sea." The next was "Deep-Sea Exercises." There followed articles on "Life on the Ocean Bed," "Oceanography as a Living Science," "Mammal Life and the Sea Serpent," and "Wonders of the Deep." There were also a number of pages upon sounding, marine fauna and allied topics. There were no advertisements.

"But I am not going to talk to you in the smoking-room," continued Masterman, "for that atmosphere would prejudice you against believing what I am going to say. And I must convince you, my dear boy, because those lunatics are utterly beyond the bounds of reason, and much is at stake. A cataclysm is impending which will inevitably destroy humanity unless we devote our common energies to the maintenance of our lives, our liberties and our civilization."

Paget nodded, and resigned himself to his friend's guidance.

"We'll talk after dinner first," said the captain. "We have an excellent chef here, and, between ourselves, I have eaten nothing but ship's biscuit for the past three weeks. And afterward, when we have got our cigars alight, I'll take you into the cardroom, which is never in use, and give you my message to the world. It is embodied more fully in my manuscript, which I shall hand you before you go. And now let us forget that melancholy exhibition of human folly and fail to."

Pleased with his phrase, he led the way into the dining-room, where he did full justice to an excellent meal.

Masterman made only one reference to his discovery during the course of the dinner.

"Lieutenant," he asked abruptly, "would you say that Jonathan Roderick Masterman was the man to abandon his ship and dying comrades and save himself by flight on the wreckage?"

"No, captain," answered Paget.

"But you could imagine conditions which would justify a man in doing so?" persisted Masterman.

"That's a hard question," the lieutenant answered candidly speaking, no. Theoretically, perhaps."

Masterman nodded. "I did it," he replied. "I did it, and I came back to warn the world."

After dinner the two lit their cigars, and the captain led the way out of the dining-room across a small hall and into the cardroom, a little, deserted place, thru the suggestion of which they could see the smoking-room and hear the noisy cries of the members.

Masterman closed the door, and seated on a stool.

"The cardroom was built to be soundproof," he explained. "I have found it in the case of voices of unusual timbre."

"Quite so," said Donald.

The old sea dog, constituted queerly, tried the chairs, and at last stretched himself out in a comfortable one before the fire, inviting Donald to be seated opposite him.

"You're my only hope now, my lad," he said in a more subdued voice. "It was my last voyage, Donald. I'm going to die."

CHAPTER II

"I'm afraid there isn't any doubt of it," answered Masterman. "It's an old organic trouble and progressive in character, and likely to carry me off at any time. Before I left for the Shetlands, the doctor gave me a year. That was ten months ago, and my experiences have but lengthened the respite. You've followed deep-sea exploration, haven't you?"

"A little," answered Donald. "We Americans seem to have taken the lead since the days of the 'Challenger.'"

"Yes. I've been hard at my work," said Masterman. "But I've got them all beaten now. Nobody will bother his head about the age, and deep-sea exploration for the next few weeks. You've heard about the known forms of deep-sea life, haven't you?"

Without waiting for a reply, he began to speak about the strange organisms in the black depths of the sea, and, seated at bottom, so that Donald saw the whole picture in Masterman's brain. He saw the eyeless fishes that had long abandoned the effort to see, and fishes with eyes as large as dinner plates, with which they sought for the faint phosphorescence that betokened the pursuit of wandering sea scavengers. There were fishes that carried lures in the form of luminous tentacles.

In the abysmal depths, in a realm of perpetual night, there existed, he explained an inferno of slaughter, preying upon each other, roving on their insatiable quest for food.

Masterman leaned forward and spoke emphatically.

"When they are brought up—up thru three miles of water—they explode mostly, Donald," he said. "I'd say, didn't—well, I've seen things that would make a stout man faint, my lad."

Paget shuddered as his mind conceived the picture that the old captain painted. He saw the giant monsters of the abyss lurking among the yellow, carnivorous lilies that bended and swayed in league-long gardens, catching the plankton, the floating or drifting organic life of the sea, that seemed down like finest meal rain, that seemed down like finest meal from above, but always ready for larger prey.

On earth were the carnivora, preying upon the herds of grass-eating creatures; but here murder was a cycle of the year, and the exquisite the flesh eaters were comparatively few. At the bottom of the sea, life was the slave of death, sustained only by orgies of never-ending sacrifice.

"Life was more cruel than anything imaginable in that great darkness thru which the luminous sea tigers swam.

"It's murder enthroned, Donald," said Masterman. "There isn't love—not even maternal love. Nor pity, either. Suppose our world were like that!" He was watching Donald keenly as he spoke.

"We take life as we find it," Lieutenant Paget answered. "But, thank heaven, life has its compensations, which make it worth the living. He was thinking of Ida Kennedy as he spoke.

"But once more, I tell you, there isn't a God when you come that just as beautiful birds evolved out of vicious reptiles. You know, of course, our ancestors were sea creatures. That's why the specific gravity of the human body is about the same as that of salt water. We were made to live in the sea. We come from fishes. You believe that?"

"Yes, probably," said Paget.

"Good. Now you've studied at school what I've only read in books, but you know what there was in the world when seas were warm, steaming baths, and the steam formed clouds, so that the sun had never been seen? And of course, our appearance, the world was just diffused light and darkness. There's an answer to your Bible critics in Genesis, which is all wrong, because it says light was made before the sun. Light did exist before the sun was dreamed of, so far as man is concerned.

"You're right, sir," answered Donald, who, like most sailors, was a religious man.

"But does the vocabulary of the deep-sea creatures that have life were made, and the great sea monsters Leviathan and his kind, and the fowls of the air. And afterward the land monsters, and creeping things. And man not till the last. Now don't tell me, lieutenant, that the man who wrote the story of the creation wasn't an up-to-date scientist."

"Well, sir, at last the day came when the waters had given up the fossils opened, and the sun streamed thru. By that time the ocean wasn't so pleasant a place to live in, for, a thousand, or hundred thousand years yet.

"So some of the sea creatures remained in the land basins, and they crawled to bask on the rocks in the sunlight. Then their gills began to be replaced by lungs, or an intermediate apparatus."

"Common today, captain. Certain lizards develop either lungs or gills, according to the medium in which they live."

"I see you follow me. Now, sir, except for a few developments, duplicates a little further. These first land creatures were monsters, as Genesis and science tell us—perpetual war. They reared, or what the Bible calls Leviathan, and his kind, and Behemoth and his kind. Till then they had preyed on each other. Now some began eating grass. Others devoured their comrades as before. But the flesh eaters died off, or were killed off as pests."

"Yes, captain."

"Well, sir, as I understand it, the first organisms that came out on land were armor plated, like the crabs and spiny fossil fishes. Their bones were on the outside, to protect them against being eaten. But after a while the progressive ones turned themselves inside out. Those that didn't remained like the turtles and degenerated. The rest found that it was easier to escape their enemies by using their bones as props and developing speed.

"Now, lieutenant, suppose men had developed that way in the depths of the sea. Suppose that a race of men who had discovered, not necessarily turning themselves inside out, like us, altho they might have done so, but other means to avoid being eaten—say invisibility."

"There I can refute you," answered Donald. "Man has developed from an extinct ape, an ancestor of his cousins, the four anthropoids, supposedly a chimpanzee-like creature with the structure of a gibbon, from which he obtained his erect posture. Your sea creatures would have had to go thru the lemur-ape forms."

"But let us suppose a man who developed off the line," persisted Masterman. "A manlike organism with webbed feet—something like a mananeal. How about mermen? Do you believe there is anything in that story?"

"I hardly think so, captain."

"How about the old legends of the Cyclopses?"

"A myth, Masterman. Besides, the Cyclops kept cattle and lived upon land."

"But they ate men, lieutenant. However, let us call our men of the sea imaginary." Grant that there might be such creatures, tho. You'll admit that, with life so hard under the ocean, they'd have developed more cunning along certain lines than the human race. And they wouldn't know much about pity or love, or anything except how to find their food."

"I'll grant that," answered Donald, "if we accept the hypothesis that such creatures exist."

"Good! Put a pin there, my lad. Now, as we were saying, after thousands of years the heat at the bottom of the sea would disappear by its diffusion thru the oceans everywhere. The depths would grow too cold for them. It's bitter cold in the water at 31 to 32 degrees above zero. And when it did come come when they, too, would feel the impulse to migrate into the sun?"

"No, Masterman. Their breathing—"

"I know what you're going to say, lieutenant. But it's gradual. I'll grant that, even if they could breathe air, they couldn't live when the pressure of those oceans was removed. But suppose nature has been busy preparing for the change during thousands of years, and that, when the time came, all their gills into lungs, as she worked on the brontosaurus. That's how Nature works—perfectly secretly, silently, ready to launch her thunderbolt.

"Suppose a second human swarm, made of 1,000,000,000 people, is ready to overrun the earth, and put down man from his throne. Suppose the puny swarm of self-mockery—the white and black, that crawl upon the face of the globe and imagine themselves its owners, should find it occupied, not from Mars or Venus, but out of the earth's own vitals?"

Captain Masterman sat bolt upright as he spoke; he looked like some old prophet spelling out the doom of man. The intense earnestness of his manner shook Paget's incredulity for a moment, and left him sick with horror.

"Suppose that civilization, everything we know—cities, governments, parliaments, ships—all of it, is to be at the mercy of this monstrous horde, and that we are going to fight harder than we have fought since the days when we held our own against the saber-tooth! Who'd think or care then whether he was an Englishman or a Dutchman or whether the white men, negroes, Hottentots or Chinese, so long as they were human? Wouldn't we all be in the same brotherhood of man, Donald? Wouldn't we set all our convicts free? Wouldn't Hatfield shake hands with Bruno? Wouldn't college professors with coal heavers? Wouldn't class and race vanish like dream when we faced the horde? And maybe that's what God's working for, lieutenant?"

"But it couldn't happen," Donald heard himself saying. "It couldn't happen, Masterman."

"Because it hasn't happened? But remember, man has survived perhaps a million years, and the historical records go back only five or six thousand. And even so, we have legends of things that never happen now—Atlantis sinking, and so forth. And we're getting a new continent is rising in the Pacific. And we've got left-overs that we can't explain; the negro race and the Australian savages with the boomerang, which nobody can explain.

"But the impossibility, Masterman. Granting the incredible supposition that these deep-sea organisms exist, and could live under a pressure enormously increased, and breathe——"

"We're getting at it, lieutenant."

"How could they survive the struggle for existence in an unnatural element?"

"Lieutenant, man has existed since tertiary times, but he never learned to fly till 1903. He never went up in a balloon until a hundred and fifty years ago. Our imaginations can't rise to the realization of it. Aviation has come, but our descendants will look on us as demigods, and the Wright brothers will become myths, like that chap that invented fire, Prom—Prom——"

"Prometheus."

"Yes, sir. Well, then, after living for thousands of years at the bottom of five miles of air, an ocean of oxygen and nitrogen, we've found out how to get up on top of it. They are living at the bottom of an ocean of oxygen and hydrogen. Suppose they learned to fly, too!

"You can see what they'd do. Some of their scouts, who had gone on ahead,

A Sunrise

The sky, in crimson, waits to meet the sun;
A low, gray cloud upon the horizon,
Thunders salute!
Then for a moment all the earth is mute.
The king has come! The king, who rules the day!
One low, sweet flute
Whispers a roundelay,
And then a storm of praise,
a rush of rain,
And it is day again!

—HERMAN RAVE.

would discover that the dry land was teeming with food. Food in such quantities as these hungry monsters had never dreamed about. Food in solid chunks, instead of dissolved particles of plankton, varied with an occasional cannibal dinner. And light by which to capture it—sunlight! No more hunting down their prey with phosphorescent torches!

"At first they'd nibble the grass and leaves of the trees. But they'd find that cellulose is pretty indigestible stuff. Then one of them would discover a dead bird or rabbit, and another that sheep and cattle make good eating, and then——"

"Then, man!" muttered Donald, gripping the arms of his chair. The madman's picture had become dreadfully real to him.

"Other bodies would follow the scouts, Donald. They wouldn't be quite adapted to dry land at first. They'd make their way along the river beds. They'd swarm up the Hudson, the Ithine, the Severn, the Mississippi. That's what we'd find, and well enough that's got very far from the river banks. Well, they'd rest and recuperate, eating the fish there found, until the supply became exhausted. Then——"

"Good Lord!" gasped Donald. And then the resultion came. Of course Masterman was raving mad, the maddest member of the March Hares' Club. What a relief he had to hear the old fellow's dismal prophecies get on his nerves!

He leaned forward and placed his hand on Masterman's knee.

"Did you go to the Navy office with the idea of telling that to the Secretary?" he asked.

"I did, sir," answered Masterman.

"Then, if you may say so without giving offense, it is a mercy that you failed to secure an interview with him," said Donald. "Now, Masterman—e—you know how hard it is to convince any one of the truth of anything a little out of the ordinary." He was feeling his way carefully now, to avoid hurting the old fellow. "Why, Masterman, if you were to make such a suggestion as that at the Navy office they'd shut you up as a——as not quite right," he said.

"I know it, my boy," the captain answered. "I've been called crazy ever since I saw the sea serpent off Aberdeen. But Mr. MacBeard, MacBeard, that's different since he learned that I was on the track of something big, he has been trying to cheer me. And when I discovered mammalian life on the sea floor I was called an impostor, which hurt more. But as you, Lieutenant, and especially MacBeard can testify, imagination and courteous feelings, not muddlinging and invective, and calling names, like that pigeon-brained pot-faced porous plaster, MacBeard."

"But at least you won't mention these matters to people now—who haven't open minds," pleaded Donald.

"No, sir. I wash my hands of them all. That's why I have told you about this. But if you don't listen, if you don't warn the world——"

"I?" exclaimed Donald. "Good Lord, Masterman, you can't suppose that I am able to stake my professional career upon the retailing of such a story. Even supposing it true, the thing won't happen in our time. Why should a world epoch terminate in the particular generation and another begin?"

Masterman leaped out of his chair and stood beside the lieutenant. He twined his fingers convulsively in his long beard, and there was a look of fanaticism upon his face.

"Because it has already terminated and begun," he shouted. "Because I have felt them!"

"Seen them, you mean!"

"Felt them, sir! Ocean men. Monsters, between the Shetlands and the Faroes, just where the continental shelf rises to a hundred feet—feet, not fathoms—and then sinks to the uttermost abysses of the sea. A natural ladder, sir, a mountain path up to the world. And if you won't tell the world——"

He broke off and stared at the door leading into the passage from which they had entered the cardroom. A man was standing there. He was perhaps fifty years of age, short, rather chubby, his round face covered with a sparse, prickly growth of hair. His figure was round, and like many short, round men with sparse beards, he had an appearance of pompous dignity.

Somehow Donald imagined that he had been behind the door for a long time, and that his entrance had been prompted by curiosity so uncontrollable that it overcame all sense of shame or fear of discovery.

"MacBeard!" ejaculated the captain quickly. "Donald, my lad—Donald——"

He stopped and looked at Donald in a dazed way. He put his hands to his head, as if by a supreme effort he succeeded that of anger, and he sat down again heavily. His features were suffused with blood.

Donald sprang toward him.

"Captain Masterman! Are you ill?" he cried, shaking the old man by the shoulder.

MacBeard came into the room and stood beside him, looking down at the captain. Donald was conscious, even in that moment of a strong personal antagonism toward this man.

"I am afraid he has had a seizure," said MacBeard.

Capt. Jonathan Roderick Masterman looked into the lieutenant's face with an expression of pathetic helplessness, smiled, sighed very deeply, stretched out his legs, and died.

CHAPTER III.

THE HOUSE IN BALTIMORE.

LIFE was extinct, and the doctor who was hastily summoned could only confirm what all perceived. He gave it as his opinion that heart disease was the cause of death, and stated that there would be no need of an inquest.

"Was he excited just before his seizure?" he inquired of Donald.

"Yes," answered the lieutenant. "He was worked up about a theory of his own."

The doctor nodded. "A very happy death," he said. "He didn't suffer. I suppose you know where his relatives are to be found?"

Donald was entirely ignorant. The little group that had gathered about the body, their own theories temporarily laid aside, were equally in ignorance. Nobody was much interested in any one else at the Inventors' Club.

Then Professor MacBeard stepped forward.

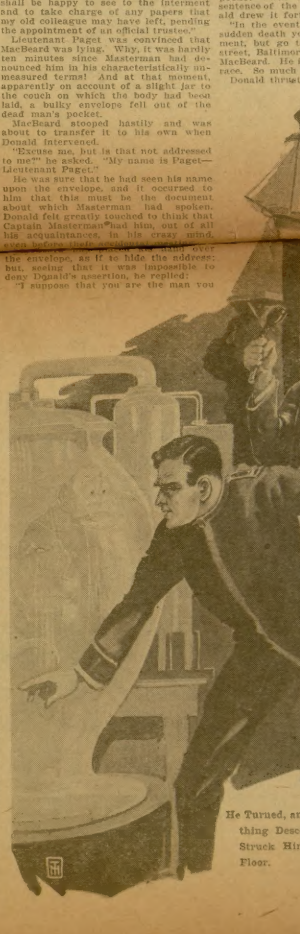
"I had some acquaintance with Captain Masterman," he said. "In fact, we were strong friends, altho our views were divergent upon certain subjects. I shall be happy to see to the interment and to take charge of any papers that my old colleague may have left, pending the appointment of an official trustee."

Lieutenant Paget was convinced that MacBeard was lying. Why, it was hardly ten minutes since Masterman had denounced him in his characteristically unmeasured terms! And at that moment, apparently on account of a slight jar to the couch on which the body had been laid, a bulky envelope fell out of the dead man's pocket.

MacBeard stooped hastily and was about to transfer it to his own when Donald intervened.

"Excuse me, but is that not addressed to me?" he asked. "My name is Paget—Lieutenant Paget."

He was sure that he had seen his name upon the envelope, and it occurred to him that this must be the document about which Masterman had spoken. Donald felt greatly touched to think that Captain Masterman had him, out of all his acquaintances, in his crazy mind.



He Turned, and at That Moment Something Descended on His Head and Struck Him Half-conscious to the Floor.

the envelope, as if to hide the address; but, seeing that it was impossible to deny Donald's assertion, he replied:

"I suppose that you are the man you claim to be, and can prove it? A good many persons are anxious to profit by Captain Masterman's discoveries."

The insolent challenge, and the sneering tone awakened Donald's anger. He grasped the professor by the wrist.

"I am not accustomed to having my identity questioned," he answered. "You'll hand over that envelope, and afterward I will submit my proofs to whoever is qualified to receive them—and you can do the same."

MacBeard's hand opened and Donald took out the envelope.

"Why, my dear sir," said the professor with an embarrassed laugh. "I really had no intention of withholding anything that is legitimately yours, I assure you, nor of questioning your good faith. I was a little startled at the moment. Perhaps, as mutual friends of the late Captain Masterman, we may take care of his interests jointly."

As Donald made no reply of any nature, MacBeard turned to the physician, and had soon completed the arrangements for the removal of the body. Then he went to the clerk's desk.

The other members of the club, shocked by the sudden death of Masterman, were talking together in little groups. Donald began to hear the words "perpetual motion" and "James I." again. He felt sick at the death of his old friend in this inhospitable place. The silence gave way to babble, and he walked away in disgust.

He held the envelope in his hand still, and he was about to place it in his pocket when his glance fell upon a sentence of the manuscript within. Donald drew it forth and read:

"In the event of your hearing of my sudden death you must not delay a moment, but go to my house at 166 —— street, Baltimore. Above all, beware of MacBeard. He is an enemy of the human race. So much I have learned, but——"

Donald thrust the loose sheet into his trousers pocket and replaced the envelope, containing the rest of the manuscript, in the inner pocket of his coat just as MacBeard returned.

He was resolved not to let the professor steal any secrets of Masterman's. His sole purpose was to render homage to the last wishes of his old friend. He did not doubt that Masterman had been insane. But Masterman might have made discoveries of scientific interest; and something about MacBeard awakened his determination to defeat the dead captain against this schemer.

He would go to the house in Baltimore, and see what there was to be done. He knew Masterman had lived there alone for years, in the intervals between his voyages.

MacBeard came up to Donald with a smile of affected friendliness.

"I understand that there is no record of our friend's address," he said. "Poor Masterman was a very retiring man. No doubt we shall learn from his friends in a day or two. I will leave him an announcement published, and have arranged for the funeral to be held from Ryan's undertaking establishment the day after tomorrow at noon. Is there anything further to be done?"

"I hardly think so," answered Donald.

"Then if you can look in here tomorrow at eleven, we may talk matters over. And now permit me to wish you a good evening," said the professor cordially.

Donald took the proffered hand and felt a sense of disgust at the touch of the limp fingers. He strode out of the club and took a taxicab to the station.

The Baltimore train was just about to leave. Late that night Lieutenant Paget found the house he was in search of to be in a little old-fashioned thorofare flanked by neat two-story houses. Each had a little garden in front fenced by a high wall. There was about it an atmosphere, if not of mystery, at any rate of the retirement appropriate to backwaters in the roaring streams of city life.

The captain's was the last house in the street. It stood a little farther back than the rest, and was turned slightly sideways, as if judging by the way it knew itself to be out of place and was watching its neighbors apprehensively over its shoulder.

There was no light behind any of the drawn shades. A small dooge on a flat roof seemed to confirm the idea.

Donald climbed a fence, walked round to the [illegible] had not been mowed since it sprouted in the spring. The garden was unkempt, and stagged. Donald felt that there was nobody within.

As he trod the flags of the garden walk, he fancied he heard the footsteps of a man in the street, following him. He stopped and listened, but now no sound was to be heard. He peered back into the darkness, but saw nobody. Doubtless it was a hallucination; it was a place of echoes and hauntings. And it seemed singularly appropriate for old Masterman to have had his last residence here, matching his lonely life.

As Donald had anticipated, the front door was locked, and the windows of the living room was apparently nailed up. He traversed the narrow path that led to the back of the house. To his surprise, the kitchen window was open.

Then it occurred to him that Masterman had, of course, gone direct home on his return from his last earthly voyage. He swung himself across the window sill and dropped to the kitchen floor. He lit a match and found the gas.

The yellow flare disclosed a very ordinary kitchen. Masterman's cap hung on a nail beside the window. Donald went thru into a room at the back of the house, which apparently had been built out at a date subsequent to the completion of the structure in its original form.

He stopped short at the threshold, hearing the "swish, swish" of water.

It was not falling water, but a gentle and continuous splashing. It occurred to him that it was, on a smaller scale, the sound that a seal makes in the course of its ceaseless patrol round and round its tank.

The light from the gas in the kitchen did not illuminate the room. Donald struck another match and held it at arm's length. Now he perceived that the rear of the room was semi-circular, resembling a conservatory.

There was a palm tree in a huge pot on either side of it, and it looked like an enormous goldfish bowl, even larger. In the middle of the room was a complicated apparatus resembling a retort. He saw a chandelier close to the wall.

It was evident that this room and the kitchen had once formed a single chamber, when it hung from the central part of the ceiling.

Donald lit three gas jets.

The light flickered and sputtered as the air rushed out. Then, when it had grown steady, Donald saw that a sort of photographic lens was attached to a box in front of the apparatus, directed toward the great tank between the palms.

The steady splashing continued. Something was swimming in the tank. Donald could see the waters ripple slightly.

as the the inmate was almost submerged. But the tank itself seemed empty.

Approaching, he perceived that the top of the tank was covered with glass. A slender tube of the same material entered the water from above, where it was supported upon an arm extended from a wall. There was a connection between the tube and another which led upward from the top of the retort.

Presently Donald caught sight of a barometer attached to the front of the mechanism. Near it was a sort of understand. The object in the tank, whatever it was, was under a pressure of a number of atmospheres.

He approached the tank and walked round it, peering into it from every side. He saw the ripples on the water, and there was a faint sound as of a fin brushed against the glass. But he could see nothing in the nature of a living thing.

He could trace the movements, as of some invisible body, by the way the ripples slide forward along the surface, strike the glass wall opposite, and continue out at right angles. Again and again the creature continued on its steady course. The sensation was uncanny. Captain Masterman's words came back to Donald: "I've brought my specimen home." He felt aware of an impulse to bolt. Instead of which, however, he concentrated all his attention on the tank.

The movements in the water subsided. Donald had the impression that the invisible creature was watching him and regarding him. He saw a gentle swirl as if a body stood upright within in the tank. Then it came from the second tank drew him toward it.

It was a musical ringing, exactly like that produced by drawing the finger-tip around the top of a thin glass vase—a long-drawn sound, sweet and clear. Donald looked into the tank, which was open at the top, and not covered with the apparatus. But he could see nothing there either.

He turned back to the first tank, and still at once he perceived two black specks, close together, held between the top of the water and the glass roof. Each was about the size of a small carrot. Donald went nearer to see what they were. Then he started backward, overcome with horror.

The black specks were the pupils of a pair of eyes. Behind them and following them:

Like all sailors, Donald Paget was not free from superstition. Any known danger he could have faced bravely, but this unknown thing was terrifying. He felt his knees give under him. His impulse was to fly.

He turned, and at that moment something descended upon his head and struck him, half conscious, to the floor.

Dimly, thru the gathering mist, he made out the form of a middle-aged bearded man. He saw the red face, the shrewd gray eyes that looked into his, and recognized MacBeard. Beside him lay the sandbag with which the man had felled him.

Unable to move, Donald felt MacBeard rifling his pockets one by one, until he came upon the envelope containing Masterman's communication. MacBeard drew it forth with a grunt and stood up under the gas to examine it.

A brief survey satisfied him that he had found what he was seeking. He grunted again and looked down at Donald. Apparently satisfied with his work, he turned toward the water tanks. He must have heard the splashing of the monster as it resumed its journeyings, for he stood still again, and, full of curiosity, he drew nearer to the first of the tanks with the air-pipe attachment.

He stood quite still, looking at the thing in the tank for a long period, to learn whether he had discovered it, and whether he had perceived the eyes.

He knew not. Suddenly, with a yell, MacBeard started backward. He stumbled against one of the palms and sent it crashing to the floor.

MacBeard, who had fallen with it, picked himself up. Then, for the first time, Donald heard his footsteps pattering along the dags outside. He heard the slam of the receding gate. He knew that the professor, having obtained the document, was not likely to return. And he could see him in his nervousness, for he had almost done the same thing himself.

So also MacBeard had really learned Masterman's address, either that night from the clerk, or, more probably, at an earlier period and deciding that Donald was in possession of it, and would go to the house, had followed him there.

Donald staggered to his feet, clutched at the wall to steady himself, and reminded then, as the swimming-room gradually grew still. The light from the gas jet fell upon the water tanks. And, looking at the second tank, Donald had a queer illusion.

He thought he saw the very misty outlines of the body of a beautiful woman, the merest shadowy shape, which swam before his eyes, and was gone, and reappeared, veiled in a sort of prismatic blend of coloring.

But before he had time to convince himself that it was or was not the result of his injury, to his horror he perceived very clearly a cloudy form beginning to take shape within the nearer tank.

The outlines grew clearer momentarily. He saw what seemed to be the body of a human monkey, supporting itself upon webbed feet, or flappers. Budding out from the sides were two similar arms, the whole hands pressing against the sides of the tank.

The outlines were at first so vague as to be almost imperceptible; then the crystaline body became opalescent and milky, resembling the white of an egg. It hardened and solidified, and then Donald saw the chest heave, the gaplike mouth contorted.

And suddenly he realized that this grotesque, pitiful thing was suffering!

He saw immediately that the professor's agony was due to the rubber tubes that led from the tank. That, and the removal of the glass lid, which MacBeard had turned to the floor, had reduced the air pressure to normal. The creature was suffering because there were only sixteen pounds of air upon each square inch of its surface. It was exactly as a human being suffers on a high mountain.

It squirmed and writhed, and the water was churned up by its struggles. The gill openings beneath the ears flapped convulsively. Donald could do nothing. He knew that the creature was dying, as happens with the crystaline crabs and other translucent deep-sea fish. Soon. Soon the force of the internal pressure would disrupt it.

He turned off the gas and staggered out thru the kitchen into the little garden. He knew now that Masterman's object in the germ of truth; he had discovered some species of deep-water-sea, and his mind, strained by his privations, had imagined the rest. Why, he himself had almost imagined he had seen a woman in the second tank!

He reached the gate, opened it, staggered out, and ran down the road. He did not cease running till he pulled himself under a street light. He realized that, in his mad hatless; people were staring after him.

And, looking back, he imagined that he saw the shadowy outlines of the girl's body beneath the light of the lamp.

"I'm going crazy!" he muttered. "It's been a crazy night. I wonder—I wonder how much of it happened and how much was the result of the blow!"

And he half believed MacBeard had never existed, and that a burglar had assulted him.

But, as he thrust his hands into the pockets of his trousers, he pulled out the single page of Masterman's manuscript, and there he knew that there was at least some basis for the remembrances that surged thru his busy brain.

Under the light of the next lamp, he read the page.

"My dear friend Donald," it began. Then followed the line which Paget had begun in the Inventors Club, but never finished. There was the warning against MacBeard, "the enemy of the human race." Then Masterman had written:

"So much I have learned, but I know little. He has the greatest brain of the century, and is capable of infinite evil. He has also starved, Donald, but out of duty to humanity. I have set down what I have discovered about him. If he knew that his secret was revealed, my life would be worth less than even the two months which my doctor gives me.

"He has been making a sacrifice for me. I learned only today that he has a fast motorboat in readiness off the coast to make his escape. He knows I shall soon as he has discovered all that I know. You must thwart him, and undertake the commission he left to the end of this manuscript. His history is as follows:"

Donald scanned the rest of the page hastily. MacBeard's past, tho it seemed shady and criminal, had little interest for Donald then. He must get to Masterman out of his mind in attention to his duties.

Of one thing only he was sure; he was not going back to the house to see whether there were any more specimens.

Somehow—he never quite remembered how—Donald found a hotel, explained his appearance to the landlord, obtained fresh clothing, sent for his valise, and got to bed.

Donald goes out to sea on the Fly. An engagement with a German raiding cruiser follows, and then come the working experiences with the monster of the deep. Read about it in next week's Ledger.

Adventure Piles on Adventure in the Third Installment of

The Bride of Golden Mountain

By Victor Rousseau

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CHAPTER IX.

THE FUNGUS.

MY REST was miserable. In a succession of awful dreams I fled with Jacqueline over a wilderness of ice, while in the distance, ever crawling nearer, followed Leroux, Lacroix and Pere Antoine. I heard Jacqueline's despairing cries as she was torn from me, while my blighted arm, heavier than lead, drooped helplessly at my side, and from afar Simon Leroux mocked me.

Then ensued a world without Jacqueline, a dead eternity of ice and snow.

I must have fallen into sound sleep at last, for when I opened my eyes the sun was shining brightly in through the riveiew door. The door of the tent stood open, and Jacqueline was not inside.

With the remembrance of my dream still confusing reality, I ran toward the trees shouting for her in fear.

"Jacqueline! Jacqueline!" I called.

She was coming toward me. She took me by the arm. "Paul!" she began with unnerving fear. "Paul!"

She led me into the recesses of the pines. There, in a little open place, clustered upon their knees, were the bodies of our dogs. All were dead, and the soft forms were frozen into the snow, which they had melted in their last throes in their agony, so that their open jaws were stuffed with icicles.

Jacqueline sank down upon the ground and sobbed as tho her heart would break. I stood there watching, my brain paralyzed by the shock of the discovery.

Then I went back to the sleigh, on the rear of which the food bags was piled. I noticed that it had a faint, slightly aromatic odor. I flung the hard masses aside, scooped up a powdery substance with my hands.

It was amanita, the deadliest and the most widely distributed of all fungi, and the direst to man and beast alike of all vegetable poisons. The dogs must have partaken of it on the preceding afternoon.

Jacqueline joined me. The tears were streaming down her cheeks; she stifled her arm thru mine, and looked mutely at me.

I knew this was Leroux's work. He had tricked me again. I had seen clusters of the frozen fungus on the Montfaucon. I suppose that, when winter comes suddenly, such growths remain standing till spring thaws and rots them, retaining in the meanwhile all their noxious qualities.

It would have been an easy matter for one of Leroux's agents, by means of a few handfuls of the deadly powder over the fish while the sleigh stood waiting outside. Masterman's cooking of the bodies of our dogs. All were dead, and the soft forms were frozen into the snow, which they had melted in their last throes in their agony, so that their open jaws were stuffed with icicles.

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A Review of the Story

LED by an Eskimo dog which finds him by Madison Bowles, Paul Hewlett, who has lately left the employ of Tom Carson on coming into some money, rescues a lovely, frightened girl leave a notorious gambling den. He rescues her from two men, then takes her home. He is penniless since he can find no other shelter for her. Impelled by intangible fear, he goes back to find her crouching dazedly against the wall, a bloody knife in her hand, and a dead man on the floor. She learns her name is Jacqueline, that she is married, and that she lives north of Quebec. She tells of the dead man, and the next day, after a brush with Simon Leroux, a crook, us. We took a few things out of our suitcases and disposed of them as best we could.

The heavy sleeping-bags would have made our progress, encumbered as we were by our snow-shoes, very slow; but I had hopes that we would reach the trappers' huts before nightfall, and decide to discard them in favor of the fur-lined sleigh rug, which would, at least, keep Jacqueline warm.

So we strapped on our snow-shoes, and I made a pack and put three days' supplies of food in it and fastened it on my shoulders. Jacqueline I, two straps from the harness. I rolled the rug into a bundle and tied it below the sleigh, and then started. It was hard dead beasts and the useless sleigh behind us for Leroux's satisfaction, and sent out hungry wolves to track us.

It is a strange thing, but no sooner had I passed out of sight of the sleigh than I felt my spirits rising rapidly. The freedom to movement and the exhilarating air gave my mind a new sense of liberty, and Jacqueline, who had been watching me anxiously, seeing the gloom disappear from my face, tried, first to tempt me to mirth, and then to match me in it. Sometimes we would run a little way, and then fall back into our steady, sobbing plod once more.

The cold was less intense, but looking at the sky, which was heavily overcast, I knew that the rise in temperature betokened the advent, probably before night, of a heavy fall of snow.

We were mercier than at any previous time, having by mutual consent resolved to put our troubles behind us. Jacqueline laughed gayly at my clumsy attempts to avoid tripping myself and her over the snow-shoes.

We stopped to look at the trees and the traces of deer-croppings upon the bark. Sometimes we saw the deer in the distance, and then again we paced among the trees, which were now becoming so sparsely scattered that I felt sure we were approaching the limit of the arctic coniferous. This caused me no concern, however, for I believed that when we reached the limit we should be able to obtain certain information as to the remainder of our course.

And by now that Leroux was behind, and that he must press forward the more impetuously when he discovered the success of his pursuit, I did not seem to care. Above me was the pale sun, the glow of health was in my limbs—and beside me walked Jacqueline.

We must have covered at least a dozen miles or more at this time, when we stopped for a brief midday meal. I was a little fatigued from carrying the pack, and my ankles suffered from the snow-shoes, but Jacqueline, who had evidently been accustomed to their use, was as fresh as when we started.

I was glad of the respite; but we needed to press on. It was probable that Leroux would speedily buy our dismantled sleigh, that night.

When we resumed our march the character of the country began to change. Hitherto we had been traversing an almost interminable plain, but now a ridge of jagged mountains, bare at their peaks and fringed around the base with evergreens, appeared in the distance, and we began ascending.

Suddenly we emerged from among the trees upon an almost barren plateau, and there we halted, held by a fascinating spell.

All that morning I had been looking for a ridge of mountains. I had already come to the conclusion that M. Danton's instructions were to be taken by and large, for we could not now be more than twenty-five miles from the chateau, and it was only here that the Riviere d'Or left us, whirling in quick convolutions, free, among the rocks of its narrow bed, some distance east of us.

There was, of course, the possibility that the distance had been understated, and that now we were only half way

along our course. But I could not let my mind dwell upon that possibility.

I scanned the horizon on every side. It had seemed to me all that day that our road was running up-hill, but now, looking back, I was astonished to see how high we had ascended, for the whole of the vast plain across which we had been traveling lay spread out like a wrinkled table-cloth before my eyes.

In that gray light, which shortened every distance, it almost seemed that I could discern the slope of the St. Lawrence far away, and the hills, footspurs of the mighty Laurentian range, that bordered it. The mountains which we were approaching seemed quite near, and I knew that beyond them lay the seigniory.

I resolved to take my bearing still more accurately, and after telling Jacqueline to wait for me a few minutes at the base of a hill and setting down my pack, I began the ascent alone. The climb was longer than I had anticipated. My eyes were aching from the glare of the snow. I had left my colored glasses behind me in the tent and gone on, saying nothing, the I had realized my loss when I was only a mile or so away.

However, I hoped that the night would restore my sight, and so, dismissing the matter from my mind, I struggled up until at last I stood upon the summit of the hill.

The view from this point was a stupendous one. New peaks sprang into vision, shimmering in the sunlight. Patches of dark forest stained the whiteness of the land, and far away, like a thin, winding ribbon among the hills, I saw the valley of the Riviere d'Or.

I cried out in delight, and lingered to enjoy the grandeur of the spectacle.

Beneath me, I saw Jacqueline waiting, a tiny figure upon the snow. My heart smote me with a deep sense of reproach that I had caused her so much trouble. But I had seen the valley between those mountains, the only possible entrance to that mysterious land. Nothing could fail us now.

I cast my eyes beyond her toward the white-wrapped tops of the far Laurentians and the plains.

And a sense of an inevitable fate came over me, as I perceived far away a tiny, crawling spot upon the snows—Simon Leroux's dog sleigh.

I went back to the patient little figure that was waiting for me, and I took up my pack again and told her nothing. She stepped bravely out beside me, frozen, fatigued, but willing because I bade her.

The sun dipped lower, and far away I heard the howl of the solitary wolf again.

[illegible] down the hill, and long before I reached Jacqueline I had resolved that she should know nothing of my pursuit until the moment came when she must be told.

That the pursuer was Leroux there could be no possible doubt. He had evidently passed the sleigh, and was undoubtedly pressing forward, elated and confident of our capture. But he must still be at least a dozen miles away.

He could not travel up-hill all night, and he could hardly travel by night. We should have a half day's start of him in the morning.

I gripped my pistols as we strode along.

We went on and on. The afternoon was wearing away; the sun was very low now, and all its strength had gone. The wolf followed us, howling from afar. Once I saw it across the treeless wastes—a gaunt, white, doglike figure, trotting against the steely gray of the sky.

We ascended the last of the foothills before the trail dipped toward the valley, which was guarded by two sentinel mountains of that jagged ridge before us. From the top I looked back. Simon was nowhere to be seen.

"Courage, Jacqueline," I said, patting her arm. "The huts ought to be here."

Her courage was greater than my own. She looked up and smiled at me. And so we descended and went on and on, and the sun dipped below the edge of the world.

The wolf crept nearer, and its howls rang out with piercing strokes across the silence. My eyes ached so that I could hardly discern the darkening land, and the snow came down, not steadily, but in swirling eddies, blown on fierce gusts of wind.

And suddenly raising my eyes despairingly, I saw the huts. They stood about four hundred yards away from where the trail ran thru the mountains.

There were five of them, and they had not been occupied for at least two seasons, for the blackened timbers were falling apart, and the roofs had been torn off all but one of them, no doubt for fuel. The wind was whirling the snow wildly around them, and it whistled thru the broken, rotting walls.

I flung my pack inside the roofed one, and began tearing apart the timbers of another to make a fire.

Jacqueline stood looking at me in docile faith.

"I can go on, Paul," she said quietly. "I can go on, Paul."

I caught her hands in mine. "We shall stay here, Jacqueline," I said.

She did not answer me, but, opening the pack, began the preparation of our meal, which consisted of some biscuits left from the night before, when we had made a quantity on the wood ashes. We made tea over the roaring flames, and sat listening to the wolf's call and the wind that gave our fire in gusts of smoke and flame.

The wind grew fiercer. It was a hurricane. It seemed the wolf's call; it almost silenced the sound of our own voices. Thank God that we had at least our shelter in that storm.

I scooped out a bed for Jacqueline inside the snow-filled hut and spread it with the big sleigh robe. She lay down in her fur coat, and I wrapped the ends around her. I looked into her sweet face and marveled at its serenity. Her eyes closed wearily.

But, tho I was as tired as she, I could not sleep. I crouched over the fire, pondering over the morrow's acts.

Should I wait for Leroux, and shoot him down like a dog if he molested us? Or should we hide among the hills and watch him pass by? But that would avail us nothing, if we went on we must encounter him, and the sooner the better.

This problem, and a fiercer one filled my mind, for my soul was as stormbeset as the hut, whose planking shook under the gale's force. I realized how [illegible] conbanging a runaway wife back to her father's home, perhaps to meet her husband there. And yet what else could I do in his present power or not, inexorably I was heading for his own objective.

CHAPTER X.

SNOW BLINDNESS.

MORE madly now than ever I felt that the fierce temptation. There she lay, the one woman who had ever seriously come into my life, sleeping so near to me that I could bend down and rest my hand on the inert form over which the snow drifted so steadily.

I brushed it away. I brooded over her. Why had I ever brought her on that journey? Would that I had kept her, with all her love and gentleness, for my delight.

If I had taken her to Jamaica, where I had planned to go, instead of engaging in this mock-heroic odyssey—there, among the palm trees, in an eternal spring, there would have been no need that she should remember.

I looked down on her. Again the snow covered her.

It fell so inexorably. It was like Lesoux. It was as tireless as he, and as implacable as he. I brushed it away with frantic haste, and still it drifted into the doorless hut.

A dreadful fear held me in its grip: what if she never awoke? Some people died thus in the snow. I raised the sleigh robe, and saw that the fur coat stirred softly as she breathed.

How gently she slept—as gently as she lived. How could her own have abandoned her in her need?

At last, out of the wild passions that fought within me, decision was born. I would go on, because she had bidden me. And I would be ready for Leroux, and let him act as he saw fit. I loaded my pistols, I could do no more than fight for Jacqueline, and with God be the issue.

And with that determination I grew calm. And I sat over the fire and let my imagination stray toward some future when our troubles would be in the past and we should be together.

"Paul!"

I must have been half asleep, for I came back to myself with a start and sprang to my feet. Jacqueline had risen upon her knees; she flung her arms out wildly, and suddenly she caught her breath and screamed, and stood up, and ran uncertainly toward me, with hands that groped for me.

She found me; I caught her, and she pushed me from her and shuddered and stared at me in that uncertain doubt that follows dreams.

"I am here, Jacqueline," I said. "With you—always, till you send me away. Remember that even in dreams, Jacqueline."

She knew me now, and she was recoiling from me, out thru the hut door, into the blinding snow. I sprang after her.

"Jacqueline! It is I—Paul! It is Paul! Jacqueline!"

She was running from me and screaming in the snow. I heard her moccasins breaking thru the thin ice crust. And, mad with terror, I rushed after her.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

step my feet broke thru the crusted snow, so that I floundered and fell like a drunken man to choruses of taunts and laughter.

It was a horrible blindman's buff, for they had surrounded me, yelling from every quarter.

"This way, monsieur! This way!" piped a thin voice which I knew to be that of Philippe Lacroix.

A snowball struck me on the chin, and they began pelting me and laughing. I was like a baited bear. I was beside myself with rage and helpless fury. The ice balls hit my face a dozen times, one struck me behind the ear and hurled me down half stunned.

I was up again and rushing at my unseen tormentors. I heard the barking of dogs far away, and I ran in the direction of the sound, sobbing with rage. I pulled my pistols from my pockets and spun round, firing in every direction thru that wall of gray, yielding mist that gave me place but never gave me vision.

The clouds had obscured the sky and the snow was falling again. My hands were bare and numb, except where the cold steel of the pistol triggers seared my fingers like molten metal.

They had formed a wider circle round me, and pistol range is longer than snowball range, so that they struck me no more. I heard the shouts and mockery still, but never Jacqueline's voice.

"Here, M. Hewlett, here!" piped Philippe Lacroix once more.

Again I turned and rushed at him, firing shot after shot. I heard his snowshoes scudding across the crust, and yells from the others indicated that Philippe's adventure had been a risky one.

Then Simon called again and I turned, like a foolish, baited beast, and fired at him.

A dog barked once more, very far away, and at last I understood their scheme.

Doubtless Simon had reached the huts at dawn and discovered us there. He must have been in waiting, but when he saw Jacqueline ran from me he changed his plans and sent the sleigh after her. Then, realizing from my actions that I was snow-blind, he had remained behind with some of his followers to enjoy the sport of baiting me out of the way while the sleigh went on.

And now there was complete silence. He had accomplished his purpose. He had gained all that he had to gain. Fortune had fought upon his side, as always.

But Jacqueline——

I could not bring myself to say it. She could not be so transcendentally sincere. She must have occurred—some dream which had momentarily crazed her; she had confounded me with her ancestors.

I could not think self-of her. I flung myself down in the snow and gave way to abject misery.

But hope is not readily overthrown. For her sake I resolved to pull myself together. I knew not now whether Leroux was in front or behind me, or upon either hand.

I deep in the snow, a pistol in each hand, waiting. When he called again, I should make my last effort.

But he called me no more. Once I heard the dog yelp, far up the valley, and then there was only the soughing of the wind and the sting of the driving sleet flaked. And the grey mist had closed in all about me. I was alone in that storm-swept wilderness, and there was no sun to guide me.

I saw a shadow at my feet, and stooping down, perceived that accident had brought me back to the sleigh tracks. From the direction in which the dog had howled, I judged that my course lay straight ahead as I stumbled on and started off wearily. At least it was better to walk than to perish in the snow.

But before many minutes I gained the realization of my loss stung me into madness again, and I began to run. And, as I ran, I shouted, and, shouting, I fled.

I plunged along—for how long I believe, for I began to hear voices on every side of me and to imagine I saw Simon standing just out of reach of my fists or upon the mist, taunting me. I followed him at an undeviating distance, firing, reloading and firing again.

I was no longer conscious of my progress. The fingers that pressed the triggers of the pistols had no sensation in them, and in my imagination were parts of a monstrous mechanism which I directed. My legs, my body, were parts that somebody had strapped to my body, and, instead of cold, a warm glow seemed to suffuse me.

And while my helpless body stumbled along its route my mind was back in New York. This was my apartment on Tenth street, and Jacqueline stood behind the curtains. I had dreamed of a long journey thru a snowbound wilderness, but I had awakened and was about to start for Jamaica by that day's boat. How dear she was! She raised her eyes, full of trusting love, to mine, and I knew that there would never be any parting until death.

We sat beneath the palms, beside a sea that plunged against our little island, and the air was fragrant with the scent of orange-blossoms, carried upon the wind from the distant mainland. We were so happy there—there was no need

I Soon Around Firing in Every Direction" by Man's Bluff.

to think, or to remember. I slept against her shoulder.

Somebody was shaking me.

"Get up!" he bellowed in my ear. "Get up! Do you want to die in the snow?"

I closed my eyes and sank back into a lethargy of sleep.

CHAPTER XI.
THE CHATEAU.

I HAD an indistinct impression of being carried, for what seemed an eternity, upon the shoulders of my rescuer, and of clinging there through the delirium that supervened.

Sometimes I thought I was on a camel's back, pursuing Jacqueline's abductors thru the hot sands of an Egyptian desert; sometimes I was on shipboard, sinking in a tropical sea, beneath which amid the marl and ooze of delta deposits, hideous, autediluvian creatures, with faces like that of Leroux, writhed, and stretched up their tentacles to drag me down.

Then I would be conscious of the cold and bitter wind again. But at last there came a grateful sense of warmth and ease, followed by a period of blank unconsciousness.

When at last I opened my eyes, it was late afternoon. The they pained me. I could now see with tolerable distinctness.

I was lying upon a bed of dried balsam leaves inside a little hut, and thru the half-open door I could see the sun just dipping behind the mountains. Besides the bed, the hut contained a roughly hewn table and chair and a bookcase with a few books in it. Upon a wall hung a big crucifix of wood, and under it an old man was standing.

He heard me stir and came toward me. I recognized the massive shoulders and commanding countenance of Pere Antoine, and remembrance came back to me.

"Where am I?" I asked.

"In my cabin, monsieur," answered the priest, standing at my side, an inscrutable calm upon his face.

"You saved me?"

"Three days ago. You were dying in the snow. You had fired off your pistols and had thrown your coat away. I had to carry you back and find it. It is lucky that I found you, monsieur, or assuredly you would soon have been dead. But for your dog——"

"My dog!" I exclaimed.

"Certainly, a dog came to me and brought me a mile out of my route to where you were lying. But, now I come to think of it, it disappeared and has not returned. Perhaps it was sent to me by le bon Dieu."

"Where is Mlle. Duchaine?" I burst out.

"Ah, M. Hewlett," said the priest, looking at me severely, "that was a wild undertaking of yours, and God does not prosper such schemes, tho I confess I do not understand why you were taking her to her home. Rest assured she is in good hands. I met the sleigh containing her, and M. Leroux informed me that all would be well. It is strange that he did not speak of you, tho, and I do not understand how——"

"He sent her from me when I was snow-blind, and left me to die!" I exclaimed. "I must rescue her——"

Father Antoine laid a heavy hand upon my shoulder.

"Be assured, monsieur, that madame is perfectly happy and contented with her friends," he said. "Accept no doubt she has already regretted her escapade. Did I not warn you in Quebec, monsieur, that your enterprise would be brought to naught? And now you will doubtless be glad of your lesson, and will abandon it willingly and return homeward. I have to depart at daybreak upon an urgent mission a hundred miles away, which was interrupted by your rescue, but I shall be back within a week, by which time you will doubtless be able to accompany me to the coast. Meanwhile, you will rest here, and my provisions and few books are at your disposal."

"I shall not!" I cried weakly. "I am going to the chateau!"

He looked at me steadily.

"You cannot," he said. "If you attempt it you will perish by the way."

"You cannot stop me!" I cried desperately.

"Perhaps not, monsieur; nevertheless, you will not be able to reach the chateau."

"Who are you that you should stop me?" I exclaimed angrily. "You are a priest, and your duty is with souls."

"That is why," answered Pere Antoine, "You are in pursuit of a married woman."

"I don't know anything about that, but I am the protector of a defenseless one," I answered, "and I shall seek her until she sends me away. Do you know where her husband is?"

"No, monsieur," answered the old man. "And you?"

I burst into an impassioned appeal to him. I told him of Leroux and his conspiracy to obtain possession of the property, of my encounter with Jacqueline, and how I rescued her, omitting mention of course of the murder.

As I went on I could see the look of surprise upon his face gradually change into belief.

I told him of our journey across the snow and begged him to help me to rescue Jacqueline, or at least to find her. I added that the trouble had partially restroyed her memory, so that she was not competent to decide who her protectors were.

When I had ended, he was looking at me with a benignancy that I had never seen before upon his face.

"M. Hewlett," he answered, "I have long suspected a part of what you have told me, and therefore I readily accept your statements. I believe now that madame has suffered no wrong from you. But I am a priest, and, as you said, my care is only that of souls. Madame is married. I married her——"

"To whom?" I cried.

"To M. Louis d'Epernay, nephew of M. Charles Duchaine by marriage, less than two weeks ago in the chateau here."

The addition of the last word singularly revived my hopes. It had slipped from his lips unconsciously, but it gave me reason to believe that the chateau was near by.

Father Antoine sat down upon the chair beside me.

"M. Duchaine has been a recluse for many years," he said, "and of late his mind has become affected. It is said that he was implicated in the troubles of 1867, and that, fearing arrest, he fled here and built this chateau in this desolate region, where he would be safe from pursuit. Solitude has made a hermit of him, and taken him out of touch with the world, do today.

"I believe that Leroux has discovered coal on his property, and by threatening him with arrest has gained a complete ascendency over the weakminded old man. However, the fact remains that his daughter was married by me to M. d'Epernay some ten or twelve days ago at the chateau.

"I was uneasy, for it did not look to me like a love match, and I knew that M. d'Epernay had the reputation of a profligate in Quebec, where he was hand in glove with Radelyffe Lemoyne, one of Lord Lovat's satellites. I, therefore, gave my consent in the presence of two witnesses. So I married them.

"How can an expression of reluctant consent is made to him in the presence of two witnesses. So I married them.

"How can I help you, my son? Only by telling you that she was living at the Chateau Frontenac with another man. It was for her sake that I refused to believe she loved her husband, but to do my duty.

"I appealed to you. You refused to listen to my appeal. You threatened me, monsieur. And you destroyed my priesthood. However, I do not speak of that, for she is undoubtedly safe with her husband by this time, awaiting your return. And I shall not help you in your pursuit of her, M. Hewlett, for you are urged solely by love for the wife of another man. Is that not so?" he ended, bending over me with a penetrating look in his blue eyes.

"Yes, it is so. But I shall go to the chateau," I answered.

Pere Antoine rose.

"You are not fit to go hence," he said, "and if you wish to exercise there are snowshoes. Try to find the chateau—do what you please; but remember that if you lose your way I shall not be here to save you. I shall return from my mission in a week, and will then conduct you to St. Boniface. And now, monsieur, since we understand each other, I shall leave you to repose."

I swallowed a few mouthfuls of food and fell asleep soon afterward. In the morning when I awoke, the cabin was empty.

My eyes were almost well, but my hands had been badly frozen and were rather painful. Otherwise I was in such that I could hardly walk. I spent the next two days recovering my strength, and on the third, found myself able to leave the hut for a short tramp.

I found snow-shoes and colored glasses in the cabin; my overcoat was there, and I did not feel troubled in conscience when I appropriated a pair of warm fur mittens which the good priest had made from mink skins. They had six fingers, and were admirably adapted to the weather.

I found one of the pistols in the hut, and in the pocket of my fur coat were a couple of cartridges which I had overlooked. The rest I had fired away in my delirium.

The cabin was situated in a valley, around which high hills clustered. Strapping on the snow-shoes, I set to work to

(Continued on Page 18.)

Puzzling Events and Incidents Serve to Keep You Interested in

THE MYSTERY OF NO. 1313

By Charles Edmonds Walk

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This Tells the Story to Date

NUMBER 1313, the silent house of mystery, wherein nobody has ever been seen to enter, suddenly has a visitor. And not only one, but three, who arrive one hour apart. Van Vechten and his friend, Tom Phinney, watch the three men enter and wager that a fourth will join them within an hour. There is a fourth visitor, but it is a veiled woman, who looks vaguely familiar to Van Vechten. Shortly afterwards a young man emerges from the house. It is evident from his actions and appearance that he has been in a hot fight. Van Vechten and his friend follow him towards the elevated structure, and as they turn the corner, the young man falls dead; his mysterious assailant disappears completely. While Van Vechten stands in the crowd that gathers, he encounters a girl's horrified eyes, and is attracted by her beauty. Her escort scowls at him, and when Van Vechten is asked for details by the police, the couple disappear. Van Vechten goes back to his club, and is startled to see the girl looking at him scornfully from one of the windows in No. 1713. A detective visits him. Van Vechten tells him the story of No. 1313, omitting the details about the veiled woman and the girl he saw in the crowd. Several days later Tom Phinney, out on a pleasure trip, is suddenly seized on his way from the village store to his cutboat, blindfolded, and led into a house in the woods, where he is securely tied, and shut in. A girl with a wonderfully sweet voice, with which he falls in love, rescues him. She leads him blindfolded out of the house onto the open road, and there, after giving her his promise that he will not remove the bandage from his eyes until after counting a hundred, he finds himself free. In the meantime, Van Vechten becomes more and more puzzled about the disappearance of his cousin, Paige Carew, of whom nothing has been heard for a number of weeks. The mystery about Paige and her chaperone deepens. Her gold purse is found in the House of Mystery. Later, a cablegram from England announces that two women answering the description of Paige and Mrs. Devereaux sailed for America under the names of Mrs. Schuyler and Miss Schuyler. Van Vechten remembers that Schuyler was Mrs. Devereaux's maiden name, that the House of Mystery once belonged to her father, and that Temple Bonner, its present owner, was once an old sweetheart of her sister's.

This story began in No. 42, the Ledger dated Oct. 26. Back copies containing previous chapters of the story may be obtained from this office or from our newsdealers and agents.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GHOST OF ROMANCE.

VAN VECHTEN'S admission was accepted by Mr. Flint quite as a matter of course; as if he would have been exceedingly surprised if the young man had identified the lady of the taxi-cab with some other entirely different person. Said he:

"I shall sketch briefly as much of the Schuyler-Bonner history as I have learned; then, Mr. Van Vechten, you will see what I want to know.

"As you people of your class don't talk much about such things, altho as far as I can learn there is no hint of scandal; but at the same time the story was no secret. I believe that this history is pretty well known among the older generation of your set—by which, it should be—and what you don't know now you may easily ascertain.

"In the seventies and early eighties, Compton Schuyler was a prominent figure, a man of affairs, in the New York commercial world, and as fortunes went in those days, a wealthy man. Besides, he was of the old Dutch stock, his home was a center of fashionable life of the city. Two beautiful, charming daughters greatly enhanced this attraction, and that the mother was really better known socially than in a business way. At that period his home was looked upon as a desirable one, and that young man who stood in the family's good graces counted himself fortunate indeed.

"It was only an inevitable consequence that the two beautiful sisters carried a long string of suitors in their train; they were social favorites and enjoyed the prominence which several years discouraged all ideas of matrimony.

"Then conditions began to change. One misfortune followed another so that in a remarkably short time the family fell into comparative obscurity, and, in the cruel way society has of giving her erstwhile favorites the cold shoulder, speedily forgotten.

"First, thru a series of bad investments, Schuyler lost the bulk of his fortune, a few months previous to his death, and the husband, Percy Devereaux, showed the sort of specimen he was by promptly deserting her when she became known. Next, Mrs. Schuyler died suddenly.

"Hope of rehabilitating the family and of recouping its dwindling fortunes was now all centered in the remaining sister—Henrietta. Among her suitors was one young man who was not only her social equal, but heir to one of the largest fortunes in the world. Every matron in New York with a marriageable daughter, to say nothing of many abroad—especially in England—had made a bold attempt for her illegitimate prey; but he loved Henrietta Schuyler and was so devoted and open in his preference that all matrimonial schemers were one and all discouraged.

"But with all his wealth and superior position, the course of true love did not run smooth for Temple Bonner. The facts would make a plot for a novel. There was another young man among those who came a-courting at the old brownstone mansion, but one vastly different in many respects from Bonner. This man's name was Willard—Max Willard."

"I've heard the name," muttered Van Vechten.

"It was an irony of Fate," pursued Mr. Flint, "that Bonner and Willard should not only be friends, but the closest sort of intimacy existed between them, a genuine Damon and Pythias attachment. Which was odd enough when you consider the wide contrast in their world conditions, but the friendship was formed when the two young men were in Harvard—Willard was working his way thru, by the way—and seemed one of the kind destined to last thru life.

"Willard lacked about every advantage possessed by his rival; he was poor, unattractive in appearance, and had many peculiar traits which made enemies where Temple Bonner won friends. He was regarded as a visionary, a crank, a man who would never make his mark. However, he must have possessed some unusual quality, because Temple Bonner had implicit faith in him—believed that he was a genius of some sort; but it was characteristic of that he would accept no assistance from his more fortunate rival.

"Bonner, it would seem, felt his own position keenly. He realized that his friend was almost overwhelmingly handicapped, and as well as I can piece out from what actually happened, he withdrew temporarily from the field and gave Max Willard every opportunity to advance his suit. I suppose the idea was that if Willard was successful, Bonner would abide by the consequences; if not, then Willard was to stand aside and give Bonner his chance. Much of this is guesswork; it is hard to arrive at the truth at this late day; but certain circumstances exist which indicate that what I am telling you is what actually happened.

Van Vechten Eyed Him a Moment Longer With Inexpressible Disfavor. "Good Lord," He Added, "What a Nasty Brute You Are!"

"It would appear from the sequel that Max Willard had been the favored one all along. Temple Bonner went abroad; within two months Willard and Miss Henrietta had eloped and were married; within ten minutes after he received news of the runaway wedding Compton Schuyler had blown out his brains.

"There are the naked facts.

"Temple Bonner never returned to America, and Max Willard, instead of justifying his friend's confidence in his talents—whatever their bent might have been—has dropped entirely from sight. His wife, you tell me, has been dead a long time; but were there no children? Is Max Willard still alive, where is he, has he any family, what is his occupation? Those are the things I want you to find out. I fancy the runaway match, with all its attendant circumstances, created something of a stir at the time; some of your older friends should be able and willing to supply you with the facts."

"Oh, I have no doubt that I can learn all you want to know," agreed Van Vechten. "Most of what you have just told me is not exactly news; but I had forgotten it—it was all that happened before my time, you know. Josephine is generally regarded by her friends as a woman who has suffered enough to deserving pity and sympathy; but—heavens and earth!—she is no martyr to tribulation; she's the jolliest thing imaginable. . . . But how will this help you to solve your murder problem, or—what, more to the point, concerns me—find some traces of my cousin?"

For some moments Mr. Flint sat silent, gazing abstractedly thru the window. Number 1313's dingy front loomed dingier than ever in the late afternoon sunshine; but Mr. Flint had no eye for the old house just at present. After a bit he turned to Van Vechten.

"Before I answer your question, Mr. Van Vechten, I am going to lay another matter before you," said he gravely; "it may seem impertinently personal, but there are occasions when the ordinary civilities and amenities must be laid aside, and this is one of them. You are engaged to be married; I do not mention the sentiment that usually accompanies such a conventionality, for perhaps I shall pass you; but isn't there a possibility that she has become interested in another more recent love affair?"

"Flint," was the prompt response, "you are not trespassing upon my feelings in the least, and I am going to be frank with you. The engagement you speak of has always been more or less of a tacit understanding in our family. Paige is only a distant cousin, you know; but we are a clannish set, we Van Vechtens, and she and I have always been awfully fond of each other.

"But as for love. That's another matter. In a strictest confidence, Flint, I have an idea that we shall never marry—simply, I am convinced, because I could not insist without forcing myself upon her. No; I am much too fond of her for that. And as for another love affair, what earthly reason is there for her making a secret of it? She is not a girl given to romantic fancies or school-girl sentimentality; she is of age, her own mistress; even were she to learn, as I have, that it is possible for either of us to care for somebody else in a way different from our present feelings toward each other, why, she couldn't let me know fast enough. That's Paige—and anybody must be hurt, have it over and done with as soon as possible."

"I am beginning to form a pretty fair idea of your cousin," observed Mr. Flint. "Her intelligence, courage and independent character make it all the more necessary that I learn everything possible about Max Willard. I suppose she and Mrs. Devereaux are very much attached to each other?"

"Paige and Josephine? I can't say they are like mother and daughter—Josephine's heart is much too young for that—chums would be more nearly accurate. Yet Mrs. Devereaux has been a mother to Paige, and the very strongest ties of affection and confidence bind them together."

Mr. Flint slowly nodded his head, as if these disclosures were right in harmony with whatever idea was evolving.

"One thing more," said he. "It is strange that it has never occurred to you, with your intimate understanding of your cousin, that nothing at all has happened to her; that her prolonged absence without communicating with relatives or friends is an act of her own free will."

"But it did occur to me," Van Vechten contradicted. "And it is my knowledge of Paige that renders such a hypothesis wholly absurd. It would require an extraordinary motive to impel her to disregard our feelings; a possible love affair is simply out of the

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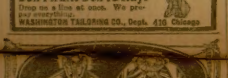

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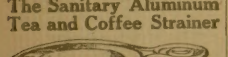

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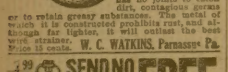

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question as a cause, and there has been nothing whatever approaching an estrangement."

Again Mr. Flint nodded understandingly.

"Now," said he, "I'll answer your question as to why I attach so much importance to finding Miss Willard, altho' what I have already told you should suffice. Briefly, I am determined to discover the motive that influenced Temple Bonner to disregard his own iron-bound system in doing business and establish a precedent by interposing personally in the case of the house across the street. It is remarkable that he should do such a thing for anybody. If Miss Willard is alive, the old friendship would supply that motive. Then it would be high time to get in touch with Willard and learn what he's up to."

"I see. I'll do the best I can."

Van Vechten's interest in the old Schuyler house had been revived by the foregoing conversation, and it was at this stage that he interrogated Mr. Flint rather closely about the discoveries when he searched the place.

"The search was only in a measure rewarded," was the reply. "The principal detail I learned was that the house manifestly had been taken to serve merely as a temporary receptacle for none of the furnishings had been renewed. Most of the old Schuyler stuff is still there—old-style horsehair and upholstered walnut furniture, marble-top tables, white marble fireplaces, family portraits in heavy oval gilt frames, and the like. Everything is tarnished, coated with dust and cobwebs after the years, the draperies and upholstery are rotten and moth-eaten. It is a dreary, forsaken place."

"Orchard Court," Van Vechten suggestively offered, "Temple Bonner's sentiment about the house extended to preserving everything as it was. That was Miss Native to Miss Henrietta. But he has never come back to it."

That was merely the impression I gathered. Aside from the gold purse, I found nothing whatever of any interest to my purpose." Mr. Flint acknowledged.

Van Vechten asked carelessly:

"If one were minded to, could one get in?"

The detective smiled. "Are you thinking of attempting it?"

"Maybe I am. Of the obstacles in the way are not insurmountable. You see, Flint, I may stumble upon something of importance, and it is of paramount meaningless to you with your scant knowledge of conditions."

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[illegible] looked for turn of [illegible] ploration.

Who could have chosen a [illegible] so desolate and God-forsaken in which to try on a conversation?

[illegible] recalled the unlatched door, man[illegible] whoever was inside with him [illegible] red by means of a key, pre[illegible] had been equipped to do, [illegible] neglected to fasten the door [illegible]. At any rate, the matter was worth investigating; then, if he saw that he was an intruder, he would quietly withdraw.

When they first startled him the voices were so low that he was unable to determine anything about them—how many were talking, or in what portion of the house the speakers were. Then [illegible] he received a fresh shock of [illegible] of the voices rose in a [illegible].

It was a woman's—nay, a girl's.

And now he was able to locate the [illegible] of the sounds. They came from [illegible] the second story and toward the rear of the house. With infinite caution he crept up the front stairway to the upper hall.

[illegible] voices sounded [illegible], first [illegible] nibbling, then [illegible] sometimes both together. [illegible] paused [illegible] realization that the two were quarreling and that the girl's voice was quivering with intense [illegible].

[illegible] advanced more rapidly, and presently came to halt before a closed door, on the farther side of which the two disputants without doubt were [illegible]. And then perforce he became an eavesdropper.

"Go, go, go!" cried the feminine voice, shrill with exasperation and anger. "I tell you, I will not stand this annoyance. Whatever in the world possessed you to follow me I can't imagine. Go—get out of my sight. I don't want to hear a word you have to say!"

At the next words Van Vechten started so violently that, had the unseen couple been less absorbed in their quarrel, they must have heard him. The girl was still speaking.

"You have done many things to anger me that I have overlooked, John Callis; but your following me here is just a bit more than I can endure. Now I mean to tell father just how you have been harassing me, and, mark my word, he will put a stop to it. Why [illegible] you come—after it was decided that [illegible] to do the errand alone?"

[illegible] know," Callis' [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] returned the girl, with[illegible] because you can't be sen[illegible] don't interrupt," she [illegible]. "If you have followed me here to learn what I think of you, then listen to me. I'll make my meaning so plain that it will penetrate even to your dull understanding.

"There was a time that I liked you, John—how could I help it when in so many ways you have been so loyal? Even now I admire that loyalty."

"A dog's!" the man contemptuously interjected; but the girl ignored the interruption.

"But are you so obtuse that you can not see when your familiarities are distasteful? I am sure I have never encouraged you by word or look. [illegible] not you realize that by persisting in them you only excite loathing and [illegible]."

[illegible] no, I am not afraid of you [illegible] abruptly softened. "And I don't loathe you, John; it's wicked for me to say such a thing; but you will drive me to loathing you if you persist in making love to me. I do not love you, I never have, I never can."

A roar from the man cut short her [illegible].

"[illegible] it, I'll make you love me!" The words rattled harshly in his throat. "Do you think I have been working and waiting all these years from any sense of duty or loyalty to your father? Then the more fool you. It was for you—do you hear me? You! I meant at the first that you should be my wife; I have meant it all along. I mean it now more than ever. And—by God! you shan't turn me down in this way! I won't—I can't stand it."

There was a pause. The stillness of the mouldering corridors and empty chambers seemed to gather and weigh down upon the listener like a palpable substance.

The silence was quite abruptly broken by the girl's voice, cold now and biting.

"John, stand away from the door and let me [illegible]."

No response from the man.

"Are you going to let me pass?"

And again, apparently, he was [illegible] able to contain himself.

"No!" he burst forth. "If all my months of waiting and giving—myself, y'understand—giving the best of me for you—if only my payment is to be—[illegible] and contempt, I suppose you'd call it—then, by heaven! I'll [illegible] I'll break your spirit. [illegible]"

"John!"—in a [illegible]

He did not heed; [illegible] thrown to the winds, and he drove on in a reckless frenzy of speech.

"You think I care what happens to me, [illegible]. Huh! Blame little you know

[illegible] Hope [illegible] I shall [illegible] at the [illegible] nobody to hear [illegible].

"John!" [illegible]

"I [illegible]."

[illegible]

[illegible] girl [illegible] him and [illegible] caught her [illegible] Van Vechten [illegible] followed by a stifled [illegible] blood in his veins.

Next instant he had [illegible] the knob [illegible] weight against the door. It was unbolted and crashed open with explosive [illegible] interruption promptly quieted the disturbance. The [illegible] stood [illegible] staring [illegible].

[illegible] and the girl [illegible] leaped [illegible] The [illegible] had despaired [illegible] unhappy [illegible] brought her to this [illegible]. And what unrecognized message had prompted him to arrive upon the scene so opportunely?

She was now very still, but leaning as far away from the man holding her wrists as the exertion of every ounce of her strength could force her. Her whole attitude, every line of her beautiful face, revealed only repugnance and [illegible].

After the first shock of pleased surprise, Van Vechten flamed, then turned [illegible] regard traveled to the man [illegible] narrowed look of anger [illegible] left him white to the lips. [illegible] hard look, an ugly, wicked look [illegible] danger.

But his lifelong habit of repression checked any violent display of feeling on his part. The spell was broken [illegible] a step [illegible] the room [illegible] his thin lips [illegible] an odd little smile that was not at all pleasing to see.

"Well?" he said quietly. Save for the unmistakable undercurrent of menace, the tone might have been affable.

So profound was the other man's stupefaction that he mechanically released the girl's wrists and fell back [illegible] quick anticipation of [illegible] from falling to the floor [illegible] staggered backward until [illegible] library table stayed her [illegible] clutched, clinging to its [illegible] wide-eyed, stared from one to the other of the men. Her tormentor's brain, [illegible] ously, stirred only sluggishly [illegible] the sullen features [illegible] with blood, the veins [illegible] swelled, and all his [illegible] was directed [illegible].

"[illegible] in hell did you come [illegible]?"

"[illegible] neighborhood [illegible] you." Van Vechten eyed him [illegible] longer with inexpressible dis[illegible] added. "What [illegible]"

Nothing less than [illegible] apparently [illegible] upon Van Vechten and finishing [illegible] of hand. And perhaps, too, there [illegible] a quality in the young man's bearing that had something to do with it—unflinching nerve, the [illegible] the inevitable dominance [illegible] and breeding. With a little bow [illegible] turned again to the girl.

"[illegible] perfect liberty to [illegible] calm, dignified deference. [illegible] think you had better [illegible] the human—at [illegible] make good your escape [illegible] you know [illegible]."

[illegible] some [illegible] composure but the [illegible] this punctiliously [illegible] young man, the obvious [illegible] ation and air of authority [illegible] courtesy, evoked [illegible] look of startled wonder [illegible] eyes half-veiled her dark [illegible] wavered to Callis, then [illegible] it was [illegible] glance. Then her [illegible] scornful [illegible]

What [illegible] only too [illegible] the same comparison; one that took every detail of his opponent's tremendous superiority and he fostered no [illegible] respecting the possible outcome of a combat.

Never before had he been confronted [illegible] any man so irresponsible with rage, or one with whom it was so hopeless to attempt to reason, never in all his life had he struck a man in anger, but he knew there was just one way in which

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Not a crude dye, naturally repulsive to fastidious women, but a pure, clean preparation which doesn't interfere with shampooing or curling. Its use is as permissible as that of the powder which every woman knows she needs.

Send for Free Trial Bottle

Cut out this coupon now, fill it out and send it. Mark on it the natural color of your hair—is it black, dark brown, medium brown or light brown? Better still, enclose a lock in your letter.

We will send a trial bottle and special comb by return mail. You can buy the full sized bottle at your druggist's, or direct from us if you prefer.

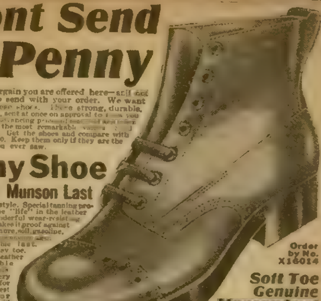
Remember, when the first gray streaks appear [illegible] for the free trial bottle today.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
928 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn.
Established 50 Years

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
928 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by [illegible] this free offer.
The natural color of my hair is
Black ☐ [illegible] ☐
Medium brown ☐ light brown ☐
Name ....
Street ....
Town .... Co. .... State ....

Dont Send A Penny

See what a bargain you are offered here—and not even a cent to send with your order. We want you to see these shoes. These strong, durable, wonderful shoes, sent at once on approval to show you that in spite of advancing prices [illegible] we can give you the most remarkable [illegible] only the coupon. Get the shoes and compare with any at even $6.00. Keep them only if they are the best bargain you ever saw.



Army Shoe
Genuine Munson Last

Lace Blucher style. Special tanning process leaves all the "life" in the leather and gives it wonderful wear-resisting qualities, also makes it proof against acids of milk, manure, soil, gasoline, etc. [illegible] Wide comfortable last. Smooth, soft, easy toe. Double oak sole leather soles and double [illegible] heels. Tan only. The very shoe you want for real wear. Biggest value for your [illegible] wetting, etc. [illegible]

When they arrive pay **$4.10** for shoes, if not satisfactory, return them and we will refund your money

Order by No. X16014

Soft Toe Genuine Munson Last

LEONARD-MORTON & CO. Dept. X838 Chicago, Ill.

Send the Army Shoes No. X16014. I will pay $4.10 for shoes on arrival and examine them carefully. If not satisfied will return the shoes and you will refund my money.

Size .... Width ....

Name ....

Address ....

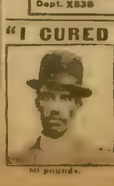
Age .... Married ....

Send Now

[illegible] Order by No. X16014

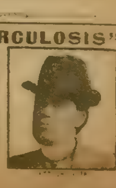
LEONARD-MORTON & CO.
Dept. X838 Chicago, Ill.

"I CURED MYSELF OF TUBERCULOSIS"



[illegible] pounds.

[illegible] quick relief [illegible] Soothing, pl[illegible] it under p[illegible] directions [illegible] name and address on post card [illegible] ADDILINE 1270 Capital Trust Bldg., Columbus, Ohio.



he could assess this disdainful beauty and that would be to pit his endurance against this bully's strength, to guard himself as much as possible against his repeated onslaughts, and delay pursuit of the girl until he (Van Vechten) was founded into insensibility—or mayhap slain. He did not think that contingency. Yet, without the slightest hesitation, he had resolved to offer himself to the assault.

Callis gave him but scant time to reflect, then rushed, not at him, but at the girl. Simultaneously Van Vechten plunged headlong forward, interposing his lighter body between.

Amid the fierce and confusion of violent situations, the human mind is capable of the most ridiculous pranks. And at this critical moment Van Vechten's prompted him to commit such an absurdity.

Get out of here, you little idiot!" he yelled at the girl, who seemed frozen to the t—

She hesitated one second longer, then, with a sob of scorn, slipped into the hall and closed the door after her.

It would not be pleasant to record what happened to that person. The most heroic in a batted rat darting desperately from a trap into the jaws of a waiting terrier, nor in the agonies of a lamb being prodded to the shambles. For [illegible] minutes Van Vechten successfully [illegible] grasping the door knob—a period in which he was reduced from a correctly dressed, rather handsome young gentleman to an object that was no more than a tattered, bloody semblance of humanity—then he sank into oblivion.

Callis, panting, and not without some marks of the struggle himself, contemplated the surroundings. Furniture had been smashed, the dust-coated [illegible] overturned and two of its legs splintered; rotten hangings had been torn down, and in a strip of moth-eaten carpet torn loose from wall to wall. A haze of dust hung in the air, partially obscuring a vague figure huddled in a corner. All his vicious fury had spent itself; his insane desire to torture the girl to a wreck upon her whatever hideous outrage his inflamed brain might have inspired, had wholly ceased away. He was pale and shaking with fear. He was shrinking with dread of the silent house, morbidly sensible of its encompassing walls, and of its accusing, threatening shadows.

Swallow [illegible] convulsively, licking his [illegible] with [illegible] tongue, he [illegible] [illegible] until he brought [illegible] knob like one in a nightmare. Finding it, he stealthily opened the door and slunk [illegible]

CHAPTER XVI

TOM FINDS EMPLOYMENT

IT WAS in an exceedingly dejected frame of mind that Tom Phinney, alone in Van Vechten's huge six-cylinder car, made his way to Maiden Lane in search of Mr. Brownlow.

To Tom, Brownlow was merely a significant, loquacious individual whom it was unavoidable to avoid at social functions unless he wanted to be bored to death. It was rather extraordinary that the two should discover a point of mutual interest; but [illegible] could not be gainsaid—Brownlow [illegible] a beautiful steam-yacht, and Tom [illegible] now wanted to be a captain, at so much per month, more than ever he [illegible] ed anything in his life—unless [illegible]

But he banished [illegible] would never hear the soft, well-bred voice again; the voice's owner was of a sphere far removed from his own, and ever were he to come face to face with her he would have no right to look at her with the honest desire that filled his heart.

The importer was alone, when Tom finally entered his office, and, rising from his desk and greeted his caller with an effusiveness that left the latter [illegible]

"Mr. Phinney!" [illegible] beaming. "So you did [illegible] the request. I made so bold as to prefer it. Mrs. Pryde-Frem[illegible] stopped with surprising abruptness. Her went on in a tone expressive of consternation. "You don't say you have failed! Don't tell me you have come here only to bring disappointment. It would be a cruel act of kindness, sir, [illegible] part, but [illegible] Ahem! Sit down, sit down!"

Tom dropped into the chair [illegible] ether threat at him or if [illegible] knock his legs from under him.

"Pray don't give me a [illegible] ing. Mr. Phinney, for this [illegible] ir grief! If I [illegible] rates for the Kohinur by [illegible] ing, I stand to lose"—he raised his head in a despairing gesture—"I can't bear to hear myself say it! I can't bear to think of how much I shall lose—more than any man can afford to lose of his money, just waiting to be picked up.

"This was all more or less unintelligible to Tom, but he had succeeded in pulling himself together, and as soon as he could wedge in a word he tried to impress upon the excitable merchant that he was offering himself for the opening. When at last Brownlow comprehended, he suddenly checked himself and stared at Tom in silent surprise; but in a moment he drew a long face, which put the finishing touch to his [illegible]

"You're not in earnest," Brownlow voiced his misgivings, [illegible] his head, but nevertheless [illegible] an interested scrutiny upon the young man. "Why, should you be looking for such a billet [illegible]

"Because I want the money," was the blunt response. "And take my word for it, Mr. Brownlow, I'm in earnest. If you doubt my qualifications [illegible]

The other raised a silencing hand [illegible]

"I know all about them," said he crisply. "else I shouldn't have broached the matter to you in the first place. I supposed your interest and activity in yachts and yachting would enable you to put me in the way of finding what I [illegible]

"Look Here, My Man—You Answer a Civil Question Civilly, and Say 'Sir' When You Speak to Me."

[illegible] I didn't expect [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] strike you for the Job [illegible] Well, I [illegible]

Brownlow reseated himself at his desk upon which he thoughtfully drummed [illegible] every now and then [illegible] who [illegible] his caller. Tom was beginning to realize that the employment of a captain for the Kohinur, for some occult cause, was not to be simply arranged as such matters generally are; the preliminaries were unusual and—to him—unnecessary; he was becoming more and more puzzled, for he believed that Brownlow was needlessly investing the proceedings with an air of mystery, and this made him nervous.

By and by Brownlow [illegible] sigh and once more gloomily shook his head.

"I'm fearful that it's not to be [illegible] Mr. Phinney. We [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of 'em. Seems like these days navigators are too busy clipping coupons and drawing dividends [illegible] little thing like double [illegible]

Tom picked up his [illegible] Tom [illegible] had been mentioned which he, although he never had enjoyed its [illegible] with an exclamation:

"Double wages! Say"—eagerly—"if the captain's sketch! I don't care to hear conditions. Where's your yacht? I'll get my dunnage aboard without wasting any [illegible] time."

The little man bounded from his [illegible] and began pacing the floor with [illegible] nervous strides. Every now and then he would halt with a jerk and [illegible] a few remarks to Tom, rub his hands together briskly and dart off upon a promenade.

"I declare, Mr. Phinney," he spoke [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

of his recruits, his appraising eye took in at once the deck's untidy appearance, the indolent attitudes of the watch and the men forward, and in the face of so many evidences of lax discipline he utterly ignored Brownlow's demonstrations of joy at his appearance. He [illegible] dressed his mate:

"Will you look at this canal-barge, Mr. Mercer? Put those loafers to work at once, and make 'em jump. Charterer's coming aboard tonight, and I'd be ashamed to look him in the face if I had to meet him in a pigpen like this. Get down the accommodation-ladder—he can't [illegible] a rope. The [illegible] will take the launch ashore after supper and wait for the party." He wheeled abruptly upon the sailor of the launch.

"What's your name?"

"Charlie Winnard, sir."

"Very well, Charlie Winnard; you know what you have to do, so step lively. And [illegible] might pass a word along to you [illegible] the first man that shows himself [illegible] rig as filthy as yours [illegible] his laundry for a week [illegible] with you."

"Aye, aye, sir." And the man saluted and stepped away with alacrity.

Then, after Mercer and the engineer had been introduced to Mr. Brownlow, the former soon had all hands as busy as bees, while Cox has [illegible] to acquaint himself with his new [illegible]. A moment later Tom and the [illegible] alone in the charthouse [illegible] confusion.

Mr. Brownlow got down to [illegible] immediately. He furnished [illegible] list of stores [illegible] supplies [illegible] everything from gasoline [illegible] to champagne for the [illegible] glance at which made the [illegible] his eyes.

"Whew!" he whistled. "That reads like a Rector menu. We [illegible]"

"I like to do things [illegible]" Brownlow, rubbing his [illegible] with obvious satisfaction. "[illegible] be ladies in the party, [illegible] particular people."

"Ladies!" exclaimed [illegible]

The other nodded. "[illegible] have to worry [illegible] I want to [illegible] tions; they are brief [illegible] follow; then I must [illegible]

"First, the charterer [illegible] want to come aboard [illegible] nine o'clock tonight [illegible] note from me.

"Second, it is uncertain [illegible] sail; but fires must be [illegible] readiness to [illegible]

"Third, after nightfall [illegible] be kept dark—all [illegible] shaded—none whatever [illegible] above deck except your [illegible] and starboard lights.

"Fourth, nobody is to [illegible] charterer's express [illegible] I believe that's all."

Tom stared at the [illegible] site him, and ran his [illegible] thatch of close black [illegible]

"Is this going to be a smuggling stunt?" demanded he, frankly bewildered. "Or are we going to kidnap an heiress?"

"'Kidnap an heiress!'" echoed Brownlow. "God bless my soul! What put that notion into your head? I told you [illegible] I am ignorant of the nature of the charterer's object—save that it is honest."

"Humph!" Tom grunted. "It doesn't sound honest."

"I'll admit that there is a good deal of mystery about the affair that I do not like; but——" And Mr. Brownlow waved a hand in a gesture that recalled to the other the Name [illegible] mentioned.

The owner, after a final outburst of gratitude and satisfaction at having been, as he expressed it, "saved" at the last moment, took his departure; and it was not until he had gone that it occurred to Tom that the charterer's name had not been once mentioned.

He then took over the personal supervision of the cleaning-up process, to such good purpose that by nightfall the yacht was as spick and span as a battleship.

The night was cloudy [illegible] It was perhaps [illegible] four bells of the first watch [illegible] arrayed to his [illegible] officer of the [illegible] launch's hail [illegible] stationed himself [illegible] commodation [illegible] the absence of [illegible]

A stir came up from the [illegible] the launch was [illegible] a man's head and shoulders loomed dimly in the gangway. He stepped upon the deck and, leaning toward Tom, peered into his face in a vain attempt to make out his features. To Tom the [illegible] face was quite indistinguishable [illegible] a denser blot against the blackness.

"Is this the captain?" inquired a voice strangely familiar.

Tom started with surprise. Where had he heard that voice before? He could not recollect on the spur of the moment; but for some inexplicable reason it seemed so necessary that [illegible] he tried so hard to do so that the man was obliged to repeat his question.

"I—I beg your pardon," Tom stammered. "[illegible]"

It was only [illegible] to heat [illegible] turn, or to be [illegible] duction mentioned [illegible] the man walked away [illegible] word.

The others were [illegible]

[illegible] manifestly [illegible] able amusement [illegible] the smaller [illegible]

up to the deck, halted and [illegible] presented [illegible]

"Welcome to the Koh [illegible] back gayly to who ever [illegible]

[illegible] if Tom had [illegible] of the [illegible] that word [illegible] ations now? None, it [illegible] be regretted. [illegible] backward until he stayed himself by a mechanical

[illegible]

Perhaps you, too, will be as puzzled as was Tom Phinney by developments aboard the Kohinur. So startling are they that Tom finds himself confronted by a battle as to which direction duty lies. Read all about it in the Ledger next week.

His Willingness.

REPRESENTATIVE LIT[illegible] of K[illegible] [illegible]

And all [illegible] claim to be [illegible]

[illegible] of the farmers [illegible] [illegible] out; so, when it [illegible] it's turn to be examined [illegible] pretty mad.

'I guess ye can't serve on account o' hayin', Bill?' he snapped.

'[illegible] all in, jedge,' says Bill.

'W[illegible] to cut, then, I presume?'

'Wheat cut and thrashed last week.'

[illegible]

'W[illegible] Bill,' he said, 'ye don't mean to say yer ready to serve on the jury, do yer?'

"That's what I do, jedge,' said Bill.

"'Tell these rapscallions and shirkers,' said the judge, 'wot motive prompts this noble course, Bill, old man.'

"'Jedge,' said Bill, 'I believe it's every [illegible] to serve his co[illegible] which he ma[illegible]

[illegible] right, Bill [illegible]

[illegible] this term [illegible] o' mine.'"

From a German Diary.

IN SPEAKING of the apparent [illegible] of [illegible] the awarding of decoration [illegible] English author of "A [illegible] Letters to His Son" (H[illegible] M[illegible]) quotes the following extract [illegible] soldier:

"Monday—[illegible] and [illegible] Lieutenant Muller was drunk.

"Tuesday—The English shelled us, and our Lieutenant Muller was very drunk.

"Wednesday—The English shelled us more heavily, and our Lieutenant Muller was drunk and incapable.

"Thursday—We were ordered to attack. Our Lieutenant Muller called out to us from his dugout to advance more rapidly.

"Friday—Nil.

"Saturday—Nil.

"Sunday—Our Lieutenant Muller received the Iron Cross."

Whole Family Sick

"All of my six brothers and sister, as well as myself, have suffered since childhood from stomach and liver trouble and bloating. I thought it ran in the family and that I could never be cured, but, thanks to Mayr's Wonderful Remedy, put up by Geo. H. Mayr, a Chicago chemist, since taking it nearly a year ago, I have been enjoying the best of health and feel like a new person. I have no trouble from anything I eat." It is a simple, harmless preparation that removes the catarrhal mucus from the intestinal tract and allays the inflammation which causes practically all stomach, liver and intestinal ailments, including appendicitis. One dose will convince or money refunded. For sale by druggists everywhere.

WONDERFUL EGG PRODUCER

[illegible] poultry [illegible] can easily double [illegible] production of his hens. A scientific tonic has been discovered that revitalizes the flock and makes hens work all the time. The tonic is called "More Eggs." Give your hens a few cents' worth of "More Eggs," and you will be amazed and delighted with results. A dollar's worth of "More Eggs" will double this year's production of eggs, so if you wish to try this great profit maker, write E. J. Reefer, poultry expert, 9017 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., who will send you a season's supply of "More Eggs" Tonic for [illegible]. So confident is Mr. Reefer of the results that a million dollar bank guarantees if you are not absolutely satisfied, your dollar will be returned on request and the "More Eggs" costs you nothing. Send a dollar today or ask Mr. Reefer for his free poultry book that tells the experience of a man who has made a fortune out of poultry.—Adv.

STOMACH TROUBLE OR TAPEWORM BANISHED.

Many persons who suffer from stomach trouble really have a tapeworm and don't know it. A guaranteed remedy which has proven to be remarkably effective in expelling tapeworms and giving quick relief in all forms of stomach trouble, is being sent on free trial by the Schoenherr Co., Dept. 100, Milwaukee, Wis. They guarantee it to remove, in less than one hour, any tapeworm with its head. No pain, no dieting, no danger; also, to relieve any form of stomach trouble or it costs nothing. Take advantage of their free trial offer. Write them today.—Adv.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignon [illegible] spot, freckle, pimple, [illegible] and [illegible]. It preserves and brings back the youthful [illegible] to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks [illegible] in this condition until extreme old age. This [illegible] tion has been used for years, and hundreds are using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. [illegible] delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Gray Hair Banished

[illegible] Bak positively guaranteed to restore [illegible] hair to its or[illegible] or stain. Cures dandruff in [illegible] falling hair. [illegible] Pay nothing if it fail[illegible] ducts Co. 68 W[illegible] Chicago, for free [illegible]

FREE ASTHMA REMEDY

D. J. Lane, a chemist [illegible] St. Mary's, Kansas, [illegible] for asthma in which h[illegible] dence that he sends a [illegible] anyone who will write him for [illegible] that he is to be paid for it if [illegible] one taking the treatment [illegible]

No Money Down

Just send coupon below for [illegible] all wool Sweater Coat [illegible] buying makes it possible for you to [illegible] of these all wool sweaters at a wonderful [illegible] of best quality wool yarn knitted [illegible] neck. Button hole stays reinforced [illegible] Maroon, Blue or Oxford Gray. [illegible] Send no money—just coupon. Pay $2.45 [illegible] If not satisfied after examination ret[illegible] once refund your money. If sat[illegible] balance on our easy terms (see coupon).

FREE Style Book. Just out. Page after page [illegible] for every member of the family [illegible] rock prices and on easy credit terms. Get this book [illegible]

STANLEY-ROGERS CO.,
1015 Jackson Blvd., Dept. 501 Chicago

Send me the Wool Sweater Coat No. 14[illegible]. I agree to pay $2.45 on arrival. Balance $1.45 monthly until $6.60 is paid.

Size [illegible]

Name [illegible]

Address [illegible]

½ PRICE $2.50
SEND NO MONEY
IF YOU CAN TELL IT FROM A GENUINE DIAMOND SEND IT BACK

To prove to you that our [illegible] closely resembles the finest genuine South African Diamond, with same DAZZLING RAINBOW-HUED BRILLIANCY (Guaranteed) [illegible] we will send above Ladies Tiffany Ring with one carat [illegible] catalogue price $4.98) for Half-Price to introduce, [illegible] something but Gents Heavy Tooth Belcher Ring (Catalogue price $6.26) for $3.10. Mountings are our finest 12kt. gold filled quality. Mexican Diamonds are GUARANTEED 20 YEARS. SEND NO MONEY. Simply clip out this advertisement and we will ship by mail C. O. D. If not entirely pleased return within TWO DAYS for money back less actual handling charges. [illegible] AGENTS WANTED.

MEXICAN DIAMOND IMPORTING CO.
Dept. KJ1 Las Cruces, N. Mex.
(Exclusive controllers Genuine Mexican Diamonds)

"HUB" NOW HAS

14 producing oil wells and 2 producing gas [illegible]. Big deal pending. The estimated gross earnings of the company should be approx[illegible] 20% on all outstanding stock. "Hub" goes on 20% perhaps 100% December 1st. Buy now while the stock is selling for only [illegible] share. Send for FREE particulars.

HUB-WYOMING OIL COMPANY,
262 Century Bldg., - - Denver, Colo.

Get a Feather Bed

Beds 25-lb. [illegible]; 30-lb. [illegible]; 36-lb. [illegible]. Pillows [illegible]. All new feathers, best ticking. We have [illegible] in bank to guarantee satisfaction or money back. Mail order or write for catalog.

SANITARY BEDDING CO., Dept. 116 CHARLOTTE N. C.

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AS A LARKIN FACTORY-TO-FAMILY SAVING

This beautifully upholstered Fireside Rocker is a fine example of the splendid house furnishings given as a saving with purchases of Soaps, Toilet Articles, Foods and Household Supplies direct from the great Larkin Factories.

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Every reader of this magazine should send for our new Free, beautifully illustrated Catalog. It describes the hundreds of home furnishings which we give as Premiums—articles manufactured by Oneida Community, 1847 Rogers Bros., Seth Thomas Clock Co., Eastman Kodak Co., Elgin National Watch Co. It also describes the famous Larkin Products endorsed in thousands of homes where quality is the first consideration.

Everything in this New Fall Catalog is sold under an absolute guarantee of satisfaction or MONEY REFUNDED.

Mail Coupon Today

Mail Coupon Today to Nearest Address

Larkin Co. Buffalo, Chicago, Peoria

Send me your new Fall Catalog No. 1[illegible]

Name [illegible]

LOVESICK LULU - - THIS TIME THE TRAFFIC COP IS THE VICTIM

Going Her Away.

While waiting a pedestrian a social worker paused before the door of one dare to of the cells to say:

Misconstrued.

Liberty you would not tak getting to live accord

"Young lady," said "I used I wouldn't hous declared the didn't expect any thanks prisoner as jailed to hear that," returned the "What would you do if you got

Congratulation.

the cop's hand slit boy s of the happiest d of your said a friend congratulating an ex

Wily Doughboy.

"But, monsieur, said the shopkeeper, "will you not give me back the bad piece?"

"Non, it is a souvenir now."

Reasonable Inference.

Willie, no Help Tired of Them.

"I am suprised that you welcome me so

replied Farmer Corn-bloss

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG

Brain Teasers.

Beheadings.

135

136

Ten Hidden Shakespeare Characters

137

Numerical Enigma

138

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

147 Vowgrass

Diagonal

148 Mixed Words

149 Reformings

It is not decided that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. Here are printed simply to begin to-day, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

Diamond in Diamond

Both Responsible

Three There Was a Stampede

for a rainy day, remarked the man of solemn solicitude.

"Many days," replied the energetic man, "don't bother me in the slightest. I'm not trying to do it for the coal man interested, so that I can do something by for those days. I'm with a temperance feeling toward acts."

Natural Hesitation.

The Right View.

News to Him

Still Here.

CHICAGO LEDGER

[Copyright, 1[illegible] by W. D. Boyce Co.]

[illegible] at the post-office at [illegible], March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

BY W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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BACK NUMBERS

[illegible]

ADVERTISING RATES.

[illegible] upon which a [illegible] publisher, any [illegible] Rates, provided

GENTLE JABS

Most arguments are only a mild type of quarrel.

Jealousy at best is but a chronic case of self-love.

Some men work overtime trying to dodge hard work.

Those who don't pay their money often take their choice.

Nerves, as an ailment, are due generally to lack of exercise.

[illegible] sense is worth while, but often it seems a [illegible] love.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

Jewels and a Hankering for the Bright Lights Lead to an Unusual Mixup

All That Glitters

By Franklin Stringfellow

[Copyright 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

FOR ten years had Mrs. Lake and her husband Simeon, dwelt together in a state of high connubial tension. Finally their trouble had started over the question of money. Not, however, as in the great majority of cases, over the lack of it, but rather, over its distribution. To state it briefly, Mrs. Lake had money—inherited—while her unhappy husband had none; that is to say, he had only such moneys as he managed to pick up here and there from an ill-paying real estate business, and she steadfastly refused to give him any part of her bank balance. And, as Simeon was weary fat and lazy, and hankered with all that remained of his wizened little soul for the bright lights and dash-pots of existence, they got not well along together.

Mrs. Lake spent much of her time in refusing her husband money, and telling him what she thought of him, while her husband spent a great deal of his in the vain endeavor to obtain sufficient from his wife and in acquainting her with the esteem in which he held her. Thus had their married life passed. Many times had Simeon reduced his wife to tears, but never even once to the point where she would sit down and write him a check. She paid bills for his expenses, and that was all she would do.

A man, however, is not dead until he is buried, and while there is life there is hope. Never once during all those years had Simeon given up the hope that some sweet day Lucy would come to him with the bunch of money he considered his rightful share. Some sweet day! Always he kept his mind upon that point. Of late tho, his thoughts had taken a somewhat different turn. How could he hasten that delightful day? Both his horse and his buggy showed unmistakable signs of succumbing to age and he lacked the money to purchase a new outfit. What he wanted was an automobile—not a mere driver, but a real car. Many hours that could have been more profitably spent, he wasted trying to figure out a nice easy way of obtaining at least a part of that money.

Then had "Professor" Alonzo Jacubs, faker, come to town and set up shop in a Sixth street drug store. Without loss of time had he transformed the window usually devoted to rubber goods and perfumes into a perfect bower of beauty. Diamonds, assuming thousands of them; all shapes and sizes of diamonds set in pins, brooches, rings and studs, twinkled and glittered and dazzled the eyes of all who chanced to look. And, incidentally, the sight penetrated Simeon's dried-up little soul, and paved the way to a realization of his dream.

Why not? Why not indeed? His wife, as Simeon well knew, possessed a diamond pendant of great value. It had been one of her wedding presents; and she hardly ever wore it now. Why not borrow the pendant, abstract therefrom the real diamonds, and replace them with the cheaper variety? Simeon saw no real reason as to why he should not do it, and many reasons why he should. Indeed, after a day or so of indecision, he did that very thing. Taking advantage of his wife's absence one evening, he returned to the flat somewhat earlier than was his wont, and took the pendant from its resting place in the lower sideboard drawer. Then he undressed and went to bed. "I'll sneak it back tomorrow night and she'll never know the difference," he promised himself.

For the next two days, therefore, a short man, in stature about five foot four, a man of exceeding girth, a purple-nosed, bulging individual with sneaky little pig-eyes and a breath garnished with cloves, seemingly took great interest in the professor's display. Time and again did the window and scrutinized the stock—but so closely that finally, toward the close of the second day, the professor stepped to the window and rearranged the rather ornate sign which backed up his display so that all of it could be read from the outside. "American Diamonds — Manufactured for the Trade"—"American" being in very small letters, while "Manufactured for the Trade" appeared in quite script.

"Nosy, that fellow seems to be, sir," giving his head a knowing wag—a habit when greatly pleased. "Now if that little fat hog out there manages to be an inspector or anything like, he'll find I'm honest and above-board; that I am selling just exactly what the sign says."

The little fat hog, however, proved to be no inspector. On the contrary, he was a prospective buyer, and, as he contemplated purchasing quite a few of the diamonds, he quite naturally wished to make certain of what he was buying. Another thing. In the close scrutiny of the professor's stock, the little man had included a sizing up of the professor himself.

Thursday morning, the little man reached the drug store ready for business. He did not enter the building, but gazed patiently thru the window until he caught the professor's eye. Then he winked, jerked his head sidewise, and pointed over his shoulder with his thumb. After which he turned and waddled across the street into a saloon. The professor, rightly interpreting the action to mean a free drink, quickly followed. He got the drink. Then, after the fat little man had explained in a few voice his reason for calling the professor away from his business, he led the way into a back room, closed the door carefully, and produced from his pocket a package, a package, as it turned out, containing a diamond pendant.

It wasn't worth a king's ransom, this diamond pendant, or even half of one, but at that, as pendants go, it was quite some pendant. For half a minute after the wrappings had been removed, the astonished professor contemplated tapping the fat little man on the head and making away with it. This, however, he did not do. A man of the professor's

With a Growing Interest, Murphy Watched His Strange Antics.

sooner had the professor received his nine dollars than he was consumed with a desire to get away off somewhere; about a thousand or so miles, anywhere. "That little cuss'll be mighty bad medicine before the dawn of another day," he muttered to himself.

The hands of the big clock over the bar pointed to five when Simeon Lake, seated at a table in the rear room of the saloon, rose unsteadily and passed slowly into the street. He had meant to depart earlier; in fact he had intended departing just so soon after the professor left as it would take to down a drink But alas! The one drink had expanded into two, and the two into three. And then Simeon, having passed the point where he could stand much whisky, had laid his head upon the table and slept.

After leaving the saloon, Simeon shuffled along for a block before bethinking himself of his good fortune. Then he felt

feeling, for Simeon in quite a jocular

"Oh, Sam," he shouted. "Come here and get some real liquor."

At the same time Professor Alonzo, his stock in trade reposing securely in the hands of the imitation leather valise he carried in one hand, reached his boarding place in a much winded condition. Once there he

feeling that Simeon was quite heavy when he had finished packing. He did have a notion to leave some of his things behind, for it had once cost him good money, and some day he thought he might find need for it. Quickly he changed his mind, however, and hurried from the house. In twenty-

destination of that to be included

but he thought

tho. Too hastily had he the place. As he crossed a street preparatory to cutting thru park, the professor bethought himself of what he had left behind; a scrap containing a formula on which

been working for years, the key to a preparation he fondly expected to

had hidden it under the table cover when the landlady had passed at his door to tell him a few thousand of her troubles.

But still he might have made the train had not his general appearance and excitable actions aroused the curiosity of one Murphy, a policeman, who was

seen by Murphy.

The next moment gave a start of surprise and elevated his gear to high. For the professor

in the alley but a moment or so, he noticed

on up the street at a but the

longer

agreed that did his credit, the patrolman reached the alley and stood looking down the street of it. The bag was nowhere in sight. Then he looked in the direction the pro- had taken, and noted that he also from view.

"Funny," he ejaculated. "If that ain't suspicious actions, I'd like to know what is."

Slowly he started down the alley in search of the missing bag, black eyes crowned his efforts. Rounding the corner of an old piano box, he came upon the object of his search wedged tightly between a telephone pole and the wall of a huge factory building.

Ugh, but it was heavy! With some effort, the policeman dislodged the bag and staggered backward. Abruptly Murphy lowered the bag to the pavement and stood back puzzled. It was a traveling bag, all right; of that much he was certain. But what else might it be? He thought he heard a funny sound coming from its interior. Visions of the Black Hand and German apies flitted thru his mind. Once more he approached the bag, looked about to make sure no

one was observing [illegible] and put his ear to it. S[illegible] tick, tickity-tick, tick[illegible] fected the sound. With [illegible] the patrolman scrambled [illegible] ran some ten or fifty [illegible]

"It's a bum!" bro[illegible] lips. "It's a dyna[illegible]

Half an hour l[illegible] lugging in one [illegible] thing that dripped [illegible] lice station.

"What you got there, M[illegible] the desk sergeant in [illegible] "Looks like it might b[illegible]

Patrolman Murphy deposited his [illegible] den upon the table with a sigh of relief. "It's a bum, sergeant," he said. "I found it round back—"

The sergeant clumped a[illegible] the room in a hurry. "A bomb!" he [illegible] "Why, it looks like a valise."

"It ain't tho." Murphy [illegible] certain upon this point. [illegible] tailed his adva[illegible] "And when I got there," he finished, [illegible] the d[illegible]

"Ticking! Did you say ticking?" It was plain that the sergeant d[illegible] hearing.

[illegible] stated Murp[illegible] somewhat [illegible] "A bum always [illegible] before it goes off, and then I carried it down to the corner and dumped [illegible] a watering trough until the ticking stopped, and—"

"Let's open her up and see what's in the d—n thing," cut in the sergeant impatiently.

In the captain's office, under the watchful eye of the captain himself, the bag was opened. At first glance it seemed that the patrolman was in for a "bawling."

Three alarm clocks, very much damaged by water. The captain pulled them forth one by one, [illegible] black looks at his discomfited underling. "Bomb!" he snarled. A comb and brush. "You blamed big—" Two dirty collars—"Irish—" Four dripping socks—"stiff"—A tiny hammer—a— At this moment the captain became so wholeheartedly interested that he forgot to further badger his patrolman. And before the final article had been lifted from the bag, he had even laid aside his [illegible]

[illegible] he cried enthusiastically. "Some bomb!"

At five o'clock when the roll at Cer[illegible] called, [illegible]

[illegible] most to emaciation, violently projected himself. It was Professor Alonzo.

The professor was vastly excited and nervous and angry, and having run a good mile at top speed, was perspiring freely and very much winded. The po[illegible] shape. "Where th' blazes did you drop from?" growled the desk sergeant [illegible] astonishment.

Very shortly they learned. As soon as the professor h[illegible] recovered his breath, he launched upon the history of [illegible] thief [illegible] had made away with [illegible] valuable property. [illegible] had hidden it while he [illegible] something he had [illegible] sir; I left it [illegible]

But luck w[illegible] not with the professor [illegible] had he begun [illegible] when something happened. At [illegible] the [illegible] Then, with surprising agility for one of his build he slid across the floor and captured the professor.

"I guess you're the [illegible] for," he grunted. [illegible] he propelled his prisoner [illegible] desk, secured therefrom the "letter" containing Patrolman Murphy's description of the stranger, and compared it with [illegible] catch. "It's you all right!" [illegible] as he secured a tighter hold upon the thunderstruck professor, and read aloud: "Six foot and [illegible] sneaky looking, [illegible] kers, and a plug [illegible] particular." Then, raising his voice,

[illegible] I got the dia[illegible] moment [illegible] couldn't be—[illegible] that [illegible] that he was [illegible] upon evidence [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] diamonds," he [illegible] phonies; fakes, stage [illegible] selling them up at [illegible] for a dollar [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible] should have been [illegible] just the fearful [illegible] he nearly [illegible] self clear. When [illegible] his story, and [illegible] a trade secret by [illegible] to soak [illegible] and they had [illegible] to the extent of washing the [illegible] a dozen or more, they very nearly granted him his freedom. And but for the desk sergeant, they most certainly would have done so.

[illegible] desk sergeant was old in the service. [illegible] respects he was as [illegible] he was a great reader of [illegible] nature. Furthermore, he had [illegible] took great pride in the [illegible] of his deductions. First off he had [illegible] the professor as a sneak, [illegible] no matter what the professor [illegible] or did not claim for himself, he [illegible] to his first impression of the [illegible] "He's crooked as a mountain pass," he kept saying to himself.

So it came about, that the professor nearly, but not quite, talked himself free. Of the entire audience the sergeant was the only one remaining unconvinced. At the moment when the spirits of the professor had risen high with hope the sergeant gave an order which quickly brought them to lowest ebb. "Search the prisoner," he growled in deepest bass, and before he knew it almost, the professor found himself again fighting for his liberty.

"Where'd you get these diamonds?" the sergeant shouted.

With a mighty effort the professor gripped himself. "Oh, them!" Outwardly calm, he eyed the ten sparkling gems with well-simulated indifference. "That's my Big Value package. Ten matched stones in any setting wanted for—"

The story might [illegible] had the professor [illegible] doubtless would again; but the [illegible] "—and sometimes I used to put 'em in plush cases, and—" The professor was warming up to his subject when suddenly into the midst of things bounced a fat little man with squinty eyes and a bad breath.

"Arrest that man, sergeant," he shouted. "Grab him before he gets [illegible] He's a crook. He stole ten d[illegible] from me; nine little ones and [illegible]

[illegible] uproar arose a thin, piping [illegible] "He's a liar, Serg. He's a thief, too. He swiped a pendant from his wife, that little fat hog did, and tried to sell—" But the professor's [illegible] precious little weight with [illegible] Rapidly the sergeant [illegible] "Lock that guy up," [illegible] a mighty wrath. "I [illegible] all the time!"

Things looked—exceedingly dark for the professor. The big sergeant was certain they had a case against him.

Patrolman Murphy hanging about after hours awaiting developments, was [illegible] of it even the professor himself had given up all hope.

"It's two years up Salt Creek for me," he muttered desolately. "I'm a goner." So certain was he upon this point that he ceased worrying about it. After deciding to throw himself upon the mercy of the court and perhaps win a light sentence, he [illegible] went to bed and slept like a log. To an old [illegible] like the professor surroundings amounted to nothing when it came to [illegible] tion of securing his proper rest.

Morning, however, found the professor in a different frame of mind. A good night's rest and a bountiful breakfast, and the professor felt physically in prime condition. "They won't get noth[illegible] [illegible] decided.

And then, meaning the judge, did not Five minutes after the case came up the judge hardly knew what to think. "Not Guilty," had the professor answered to the charge and he stuck to it. With equal vehemence the puffy little man swore that he was [illegible] and offered his story to prove it. "There's my diamonds," he ended, pointing [illegible] to the ten that lay upon the table before the judge. "They're the [illegible] stuff."

It began to look as [illegible] the professor was really the [illegible] party, but by the time he had finished his side of the story, and had closed with the declaration that the diamonds laying before his honor were "just as phoney as the rest of my truck," well, by that time the judge was sorely perplexed. Long and steadily he gazed, first at one man, then at the other. Both, if he knew anything of human nature, were villains, each in his own way; and for a moment he had a fleeting notion to mete out to [illegible] six months' term in the county jail.

This, however, he could not do. So after a few moments' thought, he did the next best thing: phoned to a jeweler working nearby to come over and settle the argument.

The little fat man danced up and down in sudden glee. "Now I got you," he shouted to the professor.

For a moment the professor seemed about to give in—what use was there in pretending further?—then a surge of anger came to his rescue. "You're a [illegible]," he retorted shrilly. "Them d[illegible] [illegible]" The judge secured silence by [illegible] days to the next disturber of the court.

The jeweler came. Dazedly the pro[illegible] the [illegible] seized him: [illegible] "real," he muttered thickly, hoping at that late hour to secure clemency.

Low as were the words spoken, the judge heard them. "What?" he shouted. "You admit your guilt; that these diamonds are real?"

Miserably the professor nodded. He was about to confess further, when the jeweler spoke.

"That man must be crazy, [illegible]" he said contemptuously. "These [illegible] not real diamonds. They are paste; a little better quality perhaps, than the others, but still, they are paste."

The judge frowned [illegible] dismissed," he [illegible] Then he laughed and [illegible] "All is not gold that glitters." And the professor, packing his belongings as best he could inside the ruined bag, heard him.

"Or diamonds either, by golly!" he supplemented grimly.

The Bride of Golden Mountain

(Continued From Page 8.)

climb a lofty peak which stood at no great distance.

It took me a couple of hours to make the ascent, and when at last I sank down exhausted on the summit, there was nothing in sight but a succession of new [illegible] every direction. I seemed to be on the summit of the ridge, which sloped away to east and west of me. Hidden among the hills were little lakes.

There was no sign of life in all that desolate country.

My disappointment was overwhelming [illegible] the chateau was near. I strode up and down upon the [illegible] clinching my hands with rage. It was four days since I had lost Jacqueline, and Leroux had left me contemptuously to die in the snow. He was [illegible] I could not follow and find him.

I began [illegible] But it is easy to lo[illegible] when a mountain-peak. Once [illegible] valley, I could locate the cabin again, but the sun had traveled far toward the west and no longer guided me accurately.

I must have turned off at a slight angle which took me some distance out of my course, for my progress was suddenly arrested by a mighty wall of rock, a sheer precipice that seemed to descend perpendicularly into the valley underneath. Somewhere a torrent was roaring like a miniature Niagara.

I discovered my error, and bent my footsteps along the summit of the precipice, and as I proceeded the noise of the torrent grew louder until the din was deafening. I was treading now upon a smooth slope, like the glacis of a fortress. I continued the descent, and all at once at no great distance from me, I saw a tremendous waterfall, ice-sheeted, that tumbled down the face of the declivity and sent up a cloud of misty spray.

I stopped to stare in admiration. Far below me the narrow valley had widened into the smooth, snow-coated surface of a lake.

And on a point of land projecting from the bottom of that mighty wall I saw the chateau!

It could have been nothing else. It was a splendid building, not larger than the house of a country gentleman, perhaps, [illegible] made of hewn logs; but the [illegible] of it against that icy [illegible] transfixed me with [illegible]

It was a [illegible] building, apparently constructed at different times, having two wings and a wide central hall with odd projecting chambers, and it was hidden so cunningly away that it was invisible from this side of the lake only from [illegible] the rocky precipice above on which I stood.

The chateau [illegible] ing precipice [illegible] building was [illegible] It seemed to [illegible] the mountain [illegible] guard every [illegible] whelm it.

And now I perceived [illegible] slope on which I stood [illegible]

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In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. [illegible] I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

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A. C. R.

an ecstasy of joy. And, as I paced it, suddenly I perceived a strange flicker of light in the north sky, and went to the door to see the most beautiful phenomenon

tunnel end in front of me, and emerged

I say an open space two city blocks, or had been dug out

DAILY HEALTH TALKS

GOING BACK TO NATURE.

BY DR. W. LEVAS

are stopped up, poisons and decayed matter are imprisoned in your system, and these are carried by the blood

Jacqueline's dog!

CHAPTER XII.

THE I... Johnson ... Cycle Works will make it the ... reward ... will ... years ... I ... Iver Johnson Arms & Cycle Works, 388 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

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thought of Jacqueline [illegible] to my surroundings.

I sprang to my feet, [illegible] preparations to resume my journey.

A short investigation [illegible] I had come to a cl[illegible] there was no path thru [illegible]. There were, [illegible] tensive caves [illegible] cliffs, any [illegible] [illegible] thing [illegible] I [illegible] ginning my search, [illegible] been here [illegible].

What was the [illegible]? A camp of out[illegible].

In the first cave [illegible], I found a stock of [illegible] [illegible]

I might [illegible] I was, but my [illegible] Jacqueline, [illegible] showed [illegible] ell down in the [illegible] if I were [illegible] chateau that [illegible]

I might have wandered for an indefinite time among [illegible] caves before striking the road. [illegible] I was off [illegible] track [illegible] seemed certain, for it was obvious that no sleigh could pass thru those [illegible]. The thin drift of snow that had [illegible] ground was almost melted, but enough remained to have showed the pad-prints of the dog, if it had passed that way.

There was none, nor were there tracks of sleigh runners, which would at least have scored them in the sandy ooze along the bed of the rivulet.

I had evidently then strayed from the right course while wandering thru the tunnel, and thus come by mischance into this blind alley.

I had noticed, as I have said, that the path narrowed considerably during the last few hundred feet that I had traversed before I reached this open place. In the darkness I might easily have debouched along one of the numerous paths [illegible]

[illegible]

As I proceeded I kept [illegible] to the left to endeavor to locate the narrow passage [illegible] but it must have been the [illegible] opening in the wall, so [illegible] for I saw nothing but the [illegible] passage before [illegible].

Presently I began to hear a murmur of water in the distance, and then a faint flicker of light. The ground began to grow softer, and now I was treading upon [illegible] of rock.

[illegible] sonorous crescendo until the [illegible] of the huge waterfall [illegible] my ears.

[illegible] The [illegible] coal-black [illegible] dipping into the farther verge of the [illegible].

The thunder of the cataracts filled my ears. A fine spray, like a garment of gray silk, obscured my clearer vision; but thru and beyond it, between two torrents that sailed above like crystal bows, I saw the chateau before me.

CHAPTER XIII

THE ROULETTE-WHEEL

I STARED at the scene in amazement, for the transition from the dark tunnel thru which I had come was an astounding one, and I could hardly believe the evidence of my eyes.

I had passed right thru the hollow heart of those mighty hills and now stood underneath the huge glacier, with its million tons of ice above me, from which the cataracts tumbled, drenching me with spray, tho I was fully a hundred yards away from the log chateau.

The building was located, as I had surmised, upon a narrow strip of land, invisible from above, except where its tongue, containing the inclosed yard, ran out into the lake. It stood far back beneath the overhanging ledge and seemed to be secure against the living rock. It was evident that there was no other approach except the tunnel thru which I had come, for all around the land that turbulent whirlpool raved where the two cataracts contended for the mastery of the waters.

Within the inclosed space, which was larger than I had thought on viewing it from above, were two or three small cabins—inhabited, probably by native half-breed dependents of the owner.

I must have crouched for nearly an hour at the tunnel entrance, staring in stupefied wonder—for it grew dark, and one by one the lights began to flare at the windows until the whole north wing and central portions of the building were illuminated. But the south wing, nearest me, was dark, and I surmised that this portion was not occupied.

Fortune still seemed to favor me, and with this conclusion and the thought of Jacqueline, I gained courage to advance again.

It was almost dark now and growing bitterly cold. I felt in my pocket for my pistol and loaded it with the two cartridges that alone remained of the lot I had brought with me. Then I advanced stealthily until I stood beneath the cataract; and here I found the spray no longer drenched me. The splendid torrent shot out like a crystal-arch above me—so strong and compact that only those at some distance could feel the mist that veiled it like a luminous garment.

I came upon a door in the dark wing and, turning the handle noiselessly, found myself inside the chateau. And at once my [illegible] with yells and coarse laughter in men's and women's voices.

There was no storm-door, and the interior of the chateau—at least, the wing in which I found myself—was almost as cold as the outside. I stood still, hesitating on the way to take. A fiddle was being played somewhere, and the bursts of noisy laughter sounded at intervals.

As my eyes became accustomed to my surroundings I perceived that I was standing near the foot of an uncarpeted wooden stairway. There was a dark room with an open door immediately in front of me, and another at the farther end of the passage, from beneath which a [illegible] issued, and it was from this room that the sounds of laughter [illegible].

[illegible] fell on the [illegible] a man began [illegible] I stole into the [illegible] in front of me, and I had hardly [illegible] into the room [illegible]

[illegible] that he was Leroux [illegible] that he had not closed the [illegible]

[illegible]

full-blooded Indi[illegible]

Two couples were dancing [illegible]. Each man had an Indian woman [illegible] middle-aged [illegible] the other, a [illegible] girl with heavy silver [illegible] her companion dragged her to a stand-still in front of the fiddler.

"Play faster, Pierre [illegible]" he yelled, pushing the old [illegible] backward. It was the man with [illegible].

"Be quiet, Jean Petitjean," exclaimed the girl, giving him a [illegible]. "Thou shalt not hurt my father."

They laughed drunkenly [illegible] the dance. The man with the [illegible] woman was not—greatly to my surprise—Jean Petitjean's companion [illegible]. The woman was addressing him as Raoul. She seemed trying to quiet him, for he was shouting boisterously as he twirled.

From his post across the room, Leroux watched the proceedings with his sneering smile.

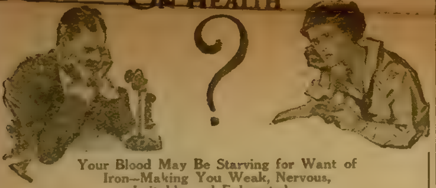
Flaring candles were set in sconces of wrought iron around the room, casting a pallid light upon the scene. And so unreal it would have been but for my recognition of the men that I might have expected it to disappear before my eyes.

I crept back from the door, and, retracing my steps along the corridor, began to ascend the stairs.

On the first story I perceived a number of rooms, but those whose doors were open were dark and apparently empty. I imagined that all the [illegible] of the chateau was concentrated in that big ballroom.

The corridor on the first story had smaller passages opening out of it—one at each end. I turned to the left. Now the sound of the cataracts, which had never left my ears, became a din. The

ARE YOU LOSING YOUR GRIP ON HEALTH



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passage was full of stale tobacco smoke. And advancing I suddenly [illegible] face to face w[illegible]

He was seated [illegible] writing, and I [illegible] of it. I saw his thin face with th[illegible] little upt[illegible] tache and the cold [illegible] about [illegible] mouth; and I think I [illegible] ould have [illegible] him if he had looked up[illegible] neith[illegible] saw me, but [illegible] vile cigar, and I [illegible] door

Thank Go[illegible] not among [illegible] I shuddered to [illegible] of her [illegible]

I turned [illegible] where [illegible] less loud [illegible] the chatter was in a continual mild tremor from the f[illegible] of [illegible]

[illegible] windows in this little hal, were [illegible] in several [illegible] and had ev[illegible] been [illegible] this [illegible] glow of a [illegible]

I approached [illegible]

cared for. There were books around the walls and [illegible] pon the floor, covered with dus[illegible] There was dust and dirt and deb[illegible] al[illegible] tion of th[illegible]

[illegible] swords, and [illegible] [illegible]

Not [illegible]

[illegible] shaped, [illegible] inlaid with pear[illegible] But now most of the inlay had disappeared, leaving [illegible] tightly hole.

At the bottom of [illegible] were a number of metallic [illegible] partments and the whole [illegible] slowly at a turn of the old [illegible]

He picked a [illegible] table and placed it in the cup He set the interior spinning and the ball ch[illegible] in the reverse direction The sphere clicked and clattered as it forced its way among the metallic strips.

I [illegible] strange that I did not at [illegible] roulette wheel But the game is mo[illegible] dive[illegible] of [illegible] than of those with whom fortune had thrown me. Gambling had never appealed to me, and I knew roulette only by reputation

The ball stopped and settled in one of the compartments, and the old man took a gold-piece from one of the squares on the table, transferred a [illegible] of gold from his right side to his left, and jotted down some figures upon his paper.

And suddenly I was aware of an abysmal rage that filled me. It seemed like an abominable dream—the futile old man, the ruffians and their wenches below. And I had endured so much for Jacqueline, to find myself immeshed in such things in the end. I stepped forward and swept the entire heap of gold into the center of the table

"M. Duchaine!" I shouted. "Why [illegible] you playing the fool her[illegible] when your daughter is suffering persecution?"

The old man seemed to be aware of my presence for the first time He looked up at me out of his mild old eyes and shook his head in apparent perplexity.

"You are welcome, monsieur," he said half rising with a courtly air "Do you wish to stake a few pieces in a game with me?"

He gathered up a handful of the coins and pushed them toward me

"Of course, we shall give back our stakes at the end," he continued, eyeing me with a [illegible] expression, in which I seemed to detect avarice and ma[illegible] too. "This is just to see how well we play. Afterwa[illegible] will play for real money, real gold"

He began to divide the gold pieces into two heaps

"You see, monsieur, I have a system—at least, I [illegible] have a system," he went on eagerly [illegible] it may [illegible] good [illegible] from [illegible] afterw[illegible]

"M. Duchaine!" I shouted in his ear Where is your daughter

"My daughter" [illegible] repeated [illegible] "[illegible] has [illegible] to New York to make our fortune with the system. [illegible]" he continued with [illegible] cunning "[illegible] taken away my system, and so I am not sure whether I can beat you. But make your play, monsieur." There was at least no indecision in the manner in which he set the wheel spinning

I did not know what to do. I was fascinated and [illegible] by the [illegible]

In desperation I thrust a gold piece upon one of the [illegible] at the head of a column. The [illegible] stopped, and the ball rolled into one of its compartments The old man thrust several gold pieces toward me.

I staked again and again, and won every time. Within five minutes the whole heap of gold pieces lay at my side

The dotard looked at me with an expression of imbecile terror.

"You will give them back to me?" he pleaded. "Remember, monsieur, it was agreed that we should return the money."

[illegible]

To his utter astonishment Jacqueline bids Paul go, but he is not willing to leave her in the hands of rogues. What follows in next week's Ledger is replete with stirring incidents and danger.

❧ ❧ ❧

Fond Mother Critic

R[illegible]

[illegible] ringly.

"[illegible] vered the first "He's Mary [illegible] He wouldn't be his mother's son if he didn't want to borrow some[illegible]

❧ ❧ ❧

What She Was.

MISS GOSS[illegible] "Mr. [illegible] when she was [illegible]"

Miss Tell[illegible] "No, I should say she [illegible] She was [illegible]"

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YOUR PROBLEMS OF THE HEART SOLVED HERE

Conducted by Winifred Grey

Have you any love problems to solve? If so, address Winifred Grey in care of the Ledger's Editor. She will answer your queries thru these columns only, not by mail.

A Serious Problem.

DEAR MISS GREY:

[illegible]

Your Should Ask Them.

DEAR MISS GREY:

[illegible]

No Kisses.

DEAR MISS GREY:

[illegible]

Uncle Objects.

DEAR MISS GREY:

[illegible]

Jealous Rival.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl [illegible] who has been called to the colors. Before [illegible] he loved me, and [illegible] I often saw [illegible] and who asked me to [illegible] from [illegible] to me. W[illegible]

Pickle Girl.

DEAR MISS GREY:

[illegible] you had bett[illegible] and which of the[illegible] and do it quick. T[illegible] make [illegible] other girl has to hide his age fr[illegible] this me home from church and entertained him for some time, wanted to give me good night. I told him to wait until I was sweet 16. He went to see before I was 16 should I let anybody kiss me until he comes back.

BROWN EYES

Don't kiss any man unless you love him a great deal. Kisses at all not be given lightly. Unless you learn to love this boy you have asked you should not allow him to kiss you. After all you did promise him best you would [illegible] understand [illegible]

How Old Is He?

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am in love with a young man four years my junior. We are both of small means, but as he says we can get married [illegible] he wants to marry me [illegible] our marriage [illegible] Do you think [illegible]

B. E.

First of all, how old is the young man? Do you think he is mature enough to make a decision now and not regret it later? If not so, there is no reason why you should not marry him. The best wishes attend in your case, as not too great it will tastes are the same. Perhaps after he is married, the people will forgive him.

Apologize to Him.

DEAR MISS GREY:

Some time ago I met a young man with [illegible] I cared for and he seemed to care for me. We went about two [illegible] for some time, but one day a girl friend told me that he talked about me behind my back, and I became very angry. I wrote him a [illegible] letter, and since then he hasn't talked to me or tried to see me. Yesterday I found out that the girl was lying to me. What shall I do? Can you tell me how to make up with this young man?

Please tell me what the names Margaret and Virginia mean.

MARGARET

I think you were a very foolish girl to say the least, and the young man is justified in not talking to you. How would you feel if he had listened

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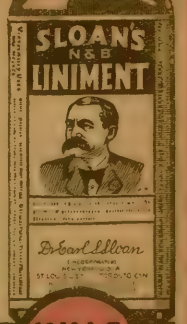

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Give Him Up.

DEAR MISS GREY:

[illegible] four [illegible] different times to get married, but [illegible] So, [illegible] Now I [illegible] I think that you would be far better [illegible] writing to other [illegible] I [illegible] if you marry him you will regret it. A man like this cannot make [illegible] He is not to be trusted. [illegible] If you [illegible] back. What [illegible] do? Will

I think that you would be far better [illegible] with him. Certainly [illegible] writing to other [illegible] to [illegible] if you marry him you will regret it. A man like this cannot make [illegible] He is not to be trusted. [illegible] If you [illegible] back. What [illegible] do?

Will it [illegible] me to be with you? Answer [illegible] Yours truly, [illegible]

Too Young.

DEAR MISS GREY:

[illegible] years old, and go with a boy of 24. Do you [illegible] is too old for me. Is it all right for [illegible] to go out with him? [illegible] Could a girl [illegible] a man of 18 and [illegible] happen [illegible] write to soldiers whom you do not [illegible] How long should a girl [illegible]

BLUE EYES.

You [illegible] to go with one [illegible] Two sisters [illegible] can go out [illegible] the ages and invite [illegible] You are too young

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Too Young for Beaus.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am [illegible] old and I live out West. Do you think I am too young to have beaus? Do girls call? If not, should [illegible] when I have company? Please tell me what I should do when company comes. I am [illegible] and would like to have some fun. Would [illegible] all right to write to a few soldiers [illegible] Who [illegible] ashamed for? MYRTLE.

You are too young for boys to be coming to see. It's all right to write boys and girl friends, who will gradually [illegible] at your home, but don't [illegible] to [illegible] beaus as yet. Write to your soldier friends, but [illegible] the [illegible] Write [illegible] What [illegible] happen at home.

Don't Marry.

DEAR MISS GREY:

[illegible] I have a friend whom I [illegible] were little children. [illegible] I am in love with her [illegible] wish us to marry, but we do not [illegible] for [illegible] Must I write [illegible] Must I [illegible] matter? [illegible]

There is no reason why [illegible] Your life is [illegible] and [illegible] to marry this young man. [illegible] you do not care for him, [illegible] you would [illegible] regret [illegible] the rest of your lives. Wait [illegible] years. Perhaps [illegible] learn to care for [illegible] If you do, then marry, but otherwise [illegible]

Depends on Yourself.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I'm a girl of 18 [illegible] in love with a boy of 20. He recently [illegible] me to marry him. Should I [illegible] you think that I am [illegible] We have each other's photos and [illegible] Which [illegible] Advise me.

You are somewhat young to marry, but if you are sure of your love and you feel that the responsibilities of married life won't be too great for you, why go ahead.

Gossip, Perhaps.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of [illegible] and have been [illegible] for [illegible] We are [illegible] There is a crowd of [illegible] who are jealous of me, and one of them has succeeded in winning his love. The girl is not [illegible] attractive, and I am [illegible] for me before she came [illegible] can I win him back?

[illegible]

Perhaps there [illegible] about you [illegible] rather [illegible] Don't [illegible] be [illegible] Then [illegible]

Keep Your Promises.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I [illegible] and I'll be [illegible] I [illegible] other friends [illegible] and [illegible] I would be [illegible] to me. Now I don't [illegible] tell me what to do. I [illegible] I would always keep my promise. You should not tell the [illegible] man that you [illegible] church with somebody [illegible] know what [illegible] note of apology [illegible]

About Spankings.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I [illegible] to other [illegible] I [illegible] he's [illegible] to go out [illegible] with [illegible] I [illegible] to go out [illegible] treat me [illegible] I [illegible] what I [illegible] nothing [illegible] I [illegible] you [illegible] I [illegible] went to [illegible] and when [illegible] he [illegible] the [illegible] Do other [illegible] treatment [illegible]

If [illegible] you [illegible] treatment a while [illegible] your aunt, [illegible] taken [illegible] Try to [illegible] that you need [illegible] with the [illegible]

Send It Back.

DEAR MISS GREY:

[illegible] going with a boy of [illegible] A friend parted us. I have [illegible] Shall I return it to him? He [illegible] mine but [illegible] it. What [illegible]

GIRL.

Return the ring. If [illegible] there is nothing to do

Apologize to Him.

DEAR [illegible]

[illegible] We [illegible] and [illegible] when I [illegible] like [illegible] we did [illegible] back to [illegible] came here and called [illegible] limited. Since he [illegible] write. So, [illegible] waiting. I [illegible] apologize, but [illegible] and [illegible] Does [illegible] write [illegible] ANXIOUS.

[illegible] Phone or call [illegible] about [illegible] write him a [illegible] FAITH.

Phone or call [illegible] now worry you [illegible] Send [illegible] write him a letter [illegible] not [illegible] to [illegible] letting [illegible] finding [illegible] you [illegible] He [illegible] not permit [illegible] let [illegible]

Return the Ring.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 16, in love with a man of 22. Last winter I went about with [illegible] another [illegible] man. The latter [illegible] country, so [illegible] I was still writing [illegible] and [illegible] has [illegible] He [illegible] wear it. I [illegible] have not heard from him since. Must I write to [illegible] I [illegible] him dearly.

HILDA.

If the [illegible] you are keeping [illegible] write one [illegible] Then [illegible] Do not [illegible] boy [illegible] honest, send back [illegible]

Don't Waste Your Time.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I [illegible] other [illegible] acts as the [illegible] or sneaks of marriage. What shall I do to find out whether he [illegible] enough to marry me?

BROWN EYES.

Don't waste your time letting him court you, unless he speaks of marriage. Treat him civilly, but make him understand that you can be nothing but a [illegible] friend. [illegible] you, and wants to marry you, he will tell you then.

Is He Divorced?

DEAR MISS [illegible]

I [illegible] with a [illegible] Divorced. I want [illegible] months [illegible] parents [illegible] with [illegible] A VENEUR.

A [illegible] would [illegible] a good [illegible] second [illegible] about [illegible] and [illegible]

Forget Her.

DEAR MISS [illegible]

I [illegible] We [illegible] letters [illegible] and [illegible] was [illegible]

I [illegible] Copy [illegible] Please [illegible] DEEP [illegible]

Foolish Girl.

DEAR MISS [illegible]

[illegible] dress [illegible] Mr. [illegible]

[illegible]

MEISTER PIANO

and a guaranteed saving of $100 to $180

Eight exquisite styles to choose from and the one you select will be sent to you at once.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL—ALL FREIGHT PREPAID

If you like the piano we will sell it to you [illegible] months, or return it [illegible] Don't [illegible] are guaranteed [illegible] Send [illegible] sent free. Write today for our [illegible] trated catalog and [illegible]

If you are interested in piano [illegible] free [illegible] Write today.

Rothschild & Company, Dept. 71-L Chicago, Illinois

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness, or Pain in Left Side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Sinking or Smothering Sensation, Dim Sight, Ringing, Heart Drops, or Swelling of feet or ankles? If you have one or more of these symptoms don't fail to use Dr. Hinkman's Heart Tablets. Not a secret [illegible] Prescription. Ask your druggist [illegible] Send [illegible] Probably three-fourths of those [illegible] Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nerves, [illegible] Dr. Hinkman's Heart Tablets [illegible]

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer [illegible] this coupon [illegible] Dr. Hinkman, Box 981, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Delay is dangerous. Write at once—to-day.

FREE!

This big, beautiful [illegible] lifelike colored [illegible] Don't [illegible] before it. SEND TODAY

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LINCOLN WOOLEN MILLS CO.

3 Rings and Bracelet FREE

Sell 8 boxes Rosebud Salve at 25c box [illegible] WE TRUST YOU.

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INK

TOBACCO OR SNUFF HABIT

[illegible] today. I [illegible]

WATCH, CHAIN AND TWO RINGS

as premium—send no money—simply name and address—merely give away FREE 12 Beautiful Art Pictures with 12 Boxes of our famous White Cloverine Salve, which you sell at 25c each. Return the $3.00 collected and we will send you a Genuine American Watch, also Chain and two Gold Shell Rings. Millions are using Cloverine for cuts, burns, etc.

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Dept. 3-12, Tyrone, Pa.

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Sectional view showing interior of hair cutter.

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DUPLEX

DUPLEX

DUPLEX

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$1,000 IN PRIZES GIVEN AWAY FREE

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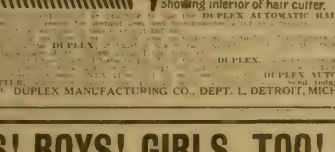

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BUILT LIKE THE BIG RACERS

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THIS IS "NED"

Second Grand Prize Value $100.00

Here I am—I am [illegible] some nice little horse girl will [illegible]

How Many Words Can You Make?

ANOEOYRS
TFLMIMRA
OOAINMTO
MOFIAEBL
YAPBINOH
GNOSAAOT
TAACRBOY
ARMNANTW

A TOTAL OF 15 GRAND PRIZES

1. $250 Culver Racer Automobile.
2. Shetland Pony "Ned" value $100.
3. $75 in Gold.
4. $50 in Gold.
5. 17-Jewel Elgin Watch 20 year case.
6. 17-Jewel Elgin Watch 20 year case.
7. 15-Jewel Elgin Watch 20 year case.
8. 15-Jewel Elgin Watch 20 year case.
9. 7-Jewel Elgin Watch 20 year case.
10. 7-Jewel Elgin Watch 20 year case.
11. 3½ x 4½ Folding Eastman Kodak
12. 3½ x 4½ Folding Eastman Kodak
13. 3½ x 4½ Folding Eastman Kodak.
14. Ladies or Gents' Fine Wrist Watch.
15. $5.00 in Gold

OUR OFFER

[illegible] every new member FILLED SIGNET RING, GUARANTEED FOR 5 YEARS FREE AND POSTPAID, JUST FOR PROMPTNESS. [illegible] bear in mind there is absolutely no [illegible] made especially to be [illegible] INITIATE EARLY AND BE MEMBER WINS. If there should be a tie [illegible] each tying club [illegible]

BILLY FRENCH, Mgr., 711 Capper Bldg., TOPEKA, KAN.

For the Needleworker

Dress Trimming of Filet Crochet

BY ELIZABETH BERNE.

THE [illegible] of our country is slowing [illegible] the world on the [illegible] when our needlewomen [illegible] Before the war we had a world-wide reputation for [illegible] spinning, weaving and [illegible] and [illegible] were no more adept in [illegible] than [illegible] Every girl was possessed of a set of [illegible] which she would [illegible] now [illegible] herself fortunate [illegible] having [illegible] material, she will be proud of the [illegible] afternoon dress which [illegible] will make and trim with the [illegible] band shown in the [illegible]

Use crochet [illegible] and [illegible] work and work from the [illegible] as necessary (for the [illegible] dress the thread [illegible] is 6-strand [illegible] to match the [illegible] and 2 balls are [illegible] that are [illegible] of the [illegible] will wonder where they can get the exact match for their material, since the stores in that locality do not keep it. The art of home dyeing is one of the [illegible] which we have [illegible] in the Needlework [illegible]

Buy a cake of dye soap and with it dye [illegible] white cotton, which can be purchased almost anywhere, and with little trouble you can produce the desired shade. Any [illegible] twisted mercerized crochet cotton, [illegible] too heavy, but not too fine. Fine wool yarn not suitable for [illegible] and just [illegible] about the [illegible] can be utilized for the [illegible] work, but under no conditions would I advise [illegible] the purchasing of [illegible] for the [illegible] Knitting silk makes a beautiful [illegible] and [illegible] in harmony with [illegible] or other rich [illegible] but is too [illegible] to meet with favor [illegible] and a bit of [illegible] with the [illegible] for which [illegible] and the many [illegible] are [illegible] For [illegible] are the good old American [illegible] is the most suitable material.

Use [illegible] steel crochet hook, except with [illegible] cotton.

First row—1 dc into the 4th st, 1 dc into each of the next 2 sts, 8 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, turn.

Second row—1 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 dc into the next 2 sts, last dc, 1 dc into the lower [illegible] of 1 dc into the last 4 sts, 3 sp, turn.

Third row—1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp into each of the next 2 sts, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 4 sp, 2 sts, turn.

Fourth row—1 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 cluster gr, turn, 4 sts, while 1 dc in [illegible] 1 gr.

Fifth row—1 ch sts, 1 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, 4 sp, 7 ch sts, turn.

Sixth row—1 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, turn, 2 sl sts, 3 ch sts.

Seventh row—1 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 2 ch sts, turn.

Eighth row—1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 3 ch sts, turn.

Ninth row—1 dc into the 4th st, 1 dc into each of the next 2 sts, forming 2 extra gr, 4 sp, 2 gr, 4 sp, 1 ch sts, turn.

Tenth row—1 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, 6 sp, 1 gr, 3 ch sts, turn.

Eleventh row—1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 7 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 5 ch sts, turn.

Twelfth row—1 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, 6 sp, 1 gr, 2 ch sts, turn.

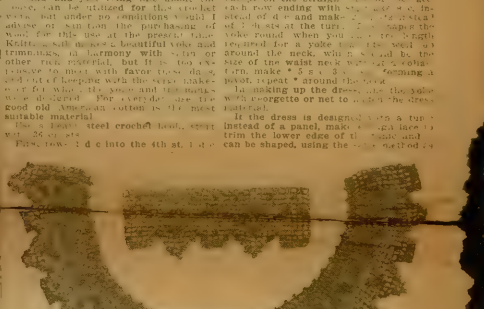
Thirteenth row—2 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 3 ch sts, turn.

Fourteenth row—1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 5 ch sts, turn, completing the pattern, repeat for the length required.

For the yoke, the [illegible] are used except on the straight [illegible] the 4th row ending with [illegible] instead of 4 and make [illegible] of 3 sts at the turn. [illegible] the yoke round when [illegible] required for a yoke [illegible] the work around the neck, which should be the size of the waist [illegible] the following row make * 5 sts, 3 [illegible] forming a [illegible] repeat * around the [illegible]

In making up the dress, [illegible] the yoke with a [illegible] or net to [illegible] the dress material.

If the dress is designed [illegible] a tunic instead of a panel, make [illegible] and trim the lower edge of the [illegible] and can be shaped, using the [illegible] method for rounding the yoke, [illegible] on every row, narrowing only [illegible] and necessary to curve the [illegible]



Renovate Old Cloth.

WHEN your table linen wears out take [illegible] and [illegible] of [illegible] Place [illegible] of [illegible] squares [illegible] part of the [illegible] and sew to the [illegible] using the outside edges for the center of the [illegible] with [illegible] Hem the edges or [illegible] with [illegible] to match. If you have [illegible] and [illegible] in your [illegible] worn [illegible] use one of these [illegible] with a [illegible] edge. Worn [illegible] can be [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and

Your Kitchen in War Time

Nourishing Lunches for School Children

BY MARY FULLER WEST.

ONE of the chief attractions about going to school for a good many little boys and girls is the little luncheon which mother puts up so carefully in a basket or box. Most children enjoy "picnic luncheons" and there is nothing which pleases them so much as to open their lunches at noon hour and find in them some nice little surprise—even if it is only a handful of raisins, or a small piece of chocolate.

Fruit is one of the most valuable elements in a child's diet, and should be given to him unstintingly. Yet fruits, when not clean, carry many germs, and can be dangerous. Before putting fruit into a child's lunch basket, see that it is washed off. Dried fruits should be particularly well washed. If they are then put into a warm oven to dry, they are likely to absorb some of the water which clings to them, and thus be softer and better to eat. You can give the child plenty of dried prunes and apricots if you wash them carefully. They are always a treat to the girl and the boy.

Dried prunes can be fixed in any number of attractive ways. For instance, you can remove the pit and insert a blanched almond or half a walnut. A little bit of shredded cocoanut also makes a very good filling. Then, too, there is another confection which can be made from dried fruits and nuts. Bear in mind that while they make excellent dessert for the school lunch, they are patriotic as well, and can be served to the adults of the family. One particularly good confection is made with a pound of figs, a pound of some locally-grown nuts, a pound of raisins, and dates. These are cleaned thoroly, and, after being dried, are put thru the food chopper. Mix thoroly, and then roll out on a board dredged with powder sugar until the mass is about an inch thick. Cut this in squares, and give it to the children. You have no idea how good this is.

For the most substantial part of the lunch, sandwiches, of course, play the most important part. Crisp rolls can be taken and hollowed out, then filled with a meat or cheese paste. Here are two excellent fillings:

Put a small quantity of ham or tongue thru the food chopper, then a little bit of celery; if you happen to have green pepper around, mince a little of this into the same bowl. Mix with mayonnaise and spread generously on bread, or pack into the rolls.

For a cheese filling, take a small cream cheese; or cottage cheese will do nicely. Soften with a little cream, add a dash of salt, a touch of paprika and a handful of chopped nuts. Olives, when added to this combination, improve it wonderfully. So does a bit of pimento. If the pimento is added, the paprika may be omitted.

Then there are peanut butter and your home-made jams and jellies to fall back on when you do not care to bother with making these delicious fillings. Bread and butter sandwiches of dry, cheese, jam or jelly are likely to absorb some of the water which clings to them, and thus be softer and better to eat. You can give the child plenty of dried prunes and apricots if you wash them carefully. They are always a treat to the girl and the boy.

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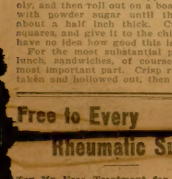

FREDERICK DYER

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Send me FREE a $1.00 pair of Dyer's Foot Drafts. I will use them to learn if they will do as much for me as you say they have for the thousands of others who have tried them. This pair is FREE to me, for which I am not under any obligation.

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Canned Spinach Loaf.

YOU can make a small can of spinach, chard, or beet tops serve seven or eight people by making into a loaf combined with rice or bread crumbs. Asparagus or string beans are also good served this way. One can chopped spinach, 4 cups boiled rice, 2 cups white sauce, 1 red pepper. Make a thick white sauce of 2 cups skimmed milk, 4 tablespoons flour, 4 tablespoons oleomargarine and 1 teaspoon salt. Melt fat and mix with flour, add to milk and stir over fire until it thickens. Mix with the rice, chopped spinach and pepper. Form into a loaf and bake twenty or thirty minutes.

Baked Soy Beans.

LOOK over and soak two cups of soy beans in cold water overnight. In the morning rinse and cover with cold water and bring to a boil. Cook slowly until tender and now place in a large baking dish and season with: 1 large onion, 1 green pepper minced fine, ½ cup salad oil, 1 tablespoon of salt, ½ teaspoon of paprika. Bake in a hot oven for one and one-quarter hours. Serve in the sauce or may be baked in custard cups the beans are quickly served and look very attractive.

Forty Maple Cookies.

ONE egg, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons lard, 1 cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon of baking soda, 3 tablespoons hot water, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 cups lard and sugar together, add egg well beaten, mix well, add milk, salt and soda dissolved in water, and sufficient flour to make of right consistency to drop from spoon. Grate some maple sugar on each cookie, and bake in moderate oven eight minutes. Sufficient for forty cookies.

Oatmeal Bread.

ONE cup milk or water, 1 teaspoon salt, 2½ cups wheat flour, ½ yeast cake, 1 cup rolled oats, heat the liquid, add salt and pour over the oats, cool half an hour, add the yeast mixed with ¼ cup lukewarm water and the flour. Knead and let rise until double the size. Knead again and let rise in the pan until the dough is double. Bake in a moderate oven for fifty minutes. Makes one loaf weighing one and one-fourth pounds.

Ginger Sponge Cake.

TO ONE tablespoon of melted lard add 1 cup of molasses and enough bread flour to make a real stiff dough. Add 1 teaspoon of ginger and put 1 teaspoon of soda in 1 cup of hot water. Stir all together. This may seem thin, but it will thicken in the well-greased, floured tin. Use ½ teaspoon each of nutmeg, cinnamon, cloves and allspice if desired. It makes a nice spice cake for a change.

Vegetable Sauce.

ADD one-half cup of green peas, chopped celery, asparagus, cauliflower or mushrooms to one cup of white sauce. Season well. Serve with fish balls or sausages.

Stuffed Shoulder.

REMOVE bone or have it taken out where you buy it. Cut off all rind with some of the fat on it, roll about 6 common potatoes fine, pour enough very hot water to moisten, but not too soft. Pepper and salt to taste and 1 teaspoon of sage dressing. Mix well with crackers, wash and cut well and dry. Place in pan, put cracker mixture where bone had been, roll up, if you wish to have fat part on top flour well on top, salt and pepper, add ½ cup of water in pan, bake until a nice brown. When done take from pan, mix some flour in a little cold water, thicken gravy on top of stove. You will find it delicious. With the bone you can make a nice pea soup. The rind can be fried in a little fat in pan in oven until all grease is out, but be sure not to burn it and you will have a nice lot of lard for cooking, baking or any kind of frying.

Date Biscuits.

MIX and sift 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons of baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Work in 2 tablespoons of lard, then add gradually ¾ cup of milk. Toss on to floured board, roll to ½ inch thickness and shape with small, round cutter, first dipped in flour. On half the pieces place a date from which the stone has been removed, brush round edges with melted butter, cover with remaining pieces, press edges firmly together, place in buttered pan and bake in a hot oven from twelve to fifteen minutes.

Scotch Soup.

WITH bread and dessert it is enough for lunch or supper: 2½ quarts water, 1½ cups rolled oats, 6 potatoes cut in small pieces, 2 sliced onions, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons fat. Boil the water and add the meat, potato and onion, ½ tablespoon of salt and ½ teaspoon pepper. Cook for one-half hour. Brown the flour with the fat and add to soup. Cook until thick. One cup of tomato adds to the flavor. Serves five people.

Sugarless Recipes.

MAPLE SAUCE—To 1 cup of maple syrup add ¼ cup of nut meats chopped fine. Heat and serve with hot rice. Add 1 square of melted chocolate to 1 cup of hot corn sirup. Season with vanilla.

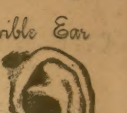
FRUIT SAUCE—To 1 cup of corn sirup add ½ cup chopped raisins or dates. Heat before serving.

Oatmeal Pudding.

TRY this when you have a light dinner or supper:

Oatmeal Betty—2 cups cooked oatmeal, 4 apples cut up small, ½ cup raisins, ½ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon. Mix and bake for one-half hour. Serve hot or cold. Any dried or fresh fruits, dates or ground peanuts may be used instead of apples. Will serve five people.

"Those Terrible Ear Noises Have Stopped"



"Those Terrible Ear Noises have stopped" is what hundreds of letters are telling me. You're seeming that in a recent issue I offered free treatments for Head Noises. Free, to Peoples readers and this is the happy result.

Head Noises! What a picture of intolerable suffering these words bring to mind. Reader, if you have Head Noises, I know well that no words of mine can describe the weary misery. But you are the one to appreciate the blessed relief in the words "My Head Noises have stopped," and these are the words which every day's mail brings me.

The joy and gratitude of the people who received the 200 Free treatments offered in this paper recently has been so great and their appeal for friends so urgent that I am going to offer again

200 Treatments Free

Think what it would mean to no longer suffer with the intolerable, nerve-racking, head-splitting—the escaping steam—the hum of insects—the buzzing—all the weary catalogue of sounds, which at times make you feel that they must stop, or you will go insane. Perhaps that your hearing is beginning to fail, but whether it is bad or not, you want it your heart and that it will go and the voice or science warns you that you must do something. "Now, or Never, sooner or later, you will be deaf."

Here is your opportunity. Send for one of my Free Treatments and see my method which has cured hundreds, many pronounced incurable. Just drop me a note or a post card giving your full name and address, and I will send you one.

This offer and talk is for YOU. Perhaps you have tried in vain other things and are discouraged. Perhaps you have been told there is no help. Perhaps you are now seriously contemplating your case from day to day thinking that you will get rid of it.

Make just this small effort. Send for one of my Free treatments. It won't cost you a penny nor will you assume any obligation. If the method which has cured many, MANY people will help you, you will be glad.

Write today for my Free Home Treatment

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How To Avoid INFLENZA

Nothing you can do will so effectually protect you against the Influenza or Grippe epidemic as keeping your organs of digestion and elimination active and your system free from poisonous accumulations.

Doctors and health authorities everywhere are warning people of the danger of constipation, and advising, and urging everyone to see that the bowels and other eliminative organs act freely and regularly.

Ordinary laxatives, purges and cathartics, salts, oils, calomel and the like, are good warning and give the system, but do not strengthen the weakened organs; they do not build up vitality.

Why don't you begin right today to overcome constipation and get your system in such shape that you can feel reasonably sure of resisting disease. You can do so if you will just get a 25c. box of **Nature's Remedy** (NR) Tablets and take one each night for a while.

NR Tablets do much more than merely cause pleasant, easy bowel action. This medicine acts upon the digestive as well as eliminative organs, promotes good digestion, causes the body to get the nourishment from all the food you eat, gives you a good, hearty appetite, strengthens the liver, overcomes biliousness, regulates kidney and bowel action and gives the whole body a thorough cleaning out. This accomplished you will not have to take medicine every day. An occasional NR Tablet will keep your body in condition and you can always feel your best. Sold and recommended by druggists.

NR TO-NIGHT—Tomorrow Alright Get a 25c Box

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I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely cured me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may find a complete cure without operation, if you write to me, Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 658E Marcellus Avenue, Manasquan, N. J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.

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L. B. Chemical Co., Box 69, Beaumont, Texas

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Brand new wonder pen. Carries full year's supply of solid ink in pen point. Writes beautiful indelible black, anywhere—any time. Every school child will be proud to own one. Just the thing for home or traveling. Requires no ink bottle, no ink to spill. Given Free for selling 12 packages of Bingo Perfumed Ironing Wax at 10c each. Write today. Send no money.
BINGO CO., Dept. 738, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at druggists.

Watch and Ring FREE! High grade men's and women's sizes. Thin model. Ten year guarantee. Sell 15 of our "Roll of Honor" and other patriotic pictures at 10c. Everybody wants them. They go quick. When sold send us the $1 and choose watch or other highly desirable prize from our list. Send your name and address today.
CAMBRIDGE WATCH COMPANY, 1704 Cambridge Building, Chicago

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Orthopedic braces for all deformities. Send for booklet.
Ray Trautman, 624 Dean Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

RAISE GUINEA PIGS More profitable than poultry. Big demand. Thousands needed. Experience unnecessary. Send for our money-making proposition and big free illustrated book, explains all.
LABORATORY SUPPLY CO., Dept. 2, 2041 Wilcox Ave., Philadelphia, Pa

Printing Cheap Cards, circulars, labels, book, paper. Press $6. Larger $20. Job press $60 up. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper. THE PRESS CO. D-24 Meriden, Conn.

GIVEN AWAY Write today for 12 packs Smith's Hair Tonic to sell at 10c per pkg. Return $1.20 and we will send wedding ring and bracelet, warranted.
SMITH DRUG CO. Box 154. Woodsboro, Md.

FREE TRIAL
Send this ad. [NO MONEY], and get FAMOUS KARNAK RAZOR on 30 days FREE trial. Then pay $1.85, or return razor. MORE COMPANY, 484 More Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

DROPSY Treated One Week Free. Short breathing relieved in a few hours; swelling and water reduced in a few days; regulates liver, kidneys, and heart. Write for Free Trial Treatment.
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FREE BOYS AIR RIFLE
This fine Rifle free for selling only 15 pieces of our Jewelry at 10c each. Write for Jewelry today.
COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO., Dept. 62, East Boston, Mass.

RAISE BELGIAN HARES FOR ME I supply stock and pay you $6 per pair and express, immense profits. My famous 70 page guide and contract 25c. Nothing free.
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FREE Stem wind and set watch, guaranteed 5 years, for selling 20 art and religious pictures or 25 pkgs. post cards at 10c each. Order your choice.
GATES MFG. CO. Dept. 445 Chicago

LUNG Sufferers, write today for my words of value FREE about Weak Lungs and how to treat Lung Troubles. Address M. Beaty, M. D. 44 Cincinnati, O.

Stories for the Little Ones

Contraband.

"SISTER can't have any candy," said Willie. "She has eaten too much and it made her sick and she cannot have another piece for a month."

"Isn't that too bad," sympathized Aunt Mary. Then Contraband came up and whined in Aunt Mary's face.

"Isn't it too bad, Contraband, that little Emma cannot have any candy?" Aunt Mary said, and the little dog whined and wagged his tail.

"Now, Contraband," said Aunt Mary, very severely, "you can have a piece of

Emma Sat Down on the Floor and Contraband Pushed the Dish Toward Her.

candy, but you must not drop it on the floor as you did last time, or you will not be allowed to have any more for a month, like Emma. You see that I am putting it in this plate for you."

Willie began to eat his candy, Emma looking on, and finally she turned her back to the room and looked out of the window, and altho she was ashamed of herself the tears would come into her eyes.

She winked them out and closed her fist tightly and angrily told herself that she would not cry because she had eaten her candy all at once and must suffer the consequence, and a girl was not a "sport" who would weep about it.

Then she felt a cold nose on her hand and looked down to see Contraband sniffing at her dress, which he began to pull gently. Emma looked at the others who were talking, unconscious of her, and followed where Contraband seemed to want to lead, and straight to the candy they went.

Emma sat down on the floor and Contraband pushed the little dish towards her. He jumped up and yapped and when Emma picked up the piece of candy and put it to her mouth he barked joyously.

"Oh, but you darling Contraband!" she said, putting her arms around the dog. "I can't eat, because I am on honor not to, but as you seem to want it so much I'll keep this piece and give it to you tomorrow."

Contraband listened while she whispered in his ear, and then, satisfied, ran to the door and barked, and Emma opened it and they went out together for the jolliest frolic Emma had ever had in her life.

Up in the Mountains.

HIGH up on a mountain side a great bare rock juts out over the valley, and near the top of the rock is a ledge or shelf, about three feet wide, and on the ledge are piled a few dead sticks, and on top of the sticks are two young eagles, as unconcerned as if resting in a nest within jumping distance of the ground. If they made a single misstep, there was nothing to keep them from tumbling over the edge, and then, down, down to the piled-up rocks at the foot of the cliff. It would have been bad enough if there had been an iron railing in front of the nest, but there was absolutely nothing to prevent their falling over the edge, and to make matters worse, the surface of the shelf sloped from the back to the front. But somehow the baby eagles had managed to keep their wits about them, and had managed to stay safely on the ledge. Their mother had doubtless told them what would happen if they did not obey her and keep as far back as possible. They had a pretty lonely time of it, as their parents were gone most of the day, hunting over mountains and valleys miles and miles away for food for the children at home. And sometimes as they blinked their eyes and snapped their beaks, and as the hunger pains gripped them so that they nearly fainted, they would wonder if their mother was ever coming back. And after a while they would get too tired and hungry to hold their mouths open any longer, and the first thing they knew they were asleep. A sudden gust of wind blowing the loose gravel of the ledge against them, and the flapping of wings awakened them, and there was their mother hovering over them, with wide wings still outstretched, and grasping in her claws a freshly-killed rabbit. They were now so happy that they hissed for pure joy, and it was all the mother could do to make them stay in the nest while she carved the rabbit, and tossed a piece to first one and then the other. Their table manners were not exactly the kind of manners that would be taught at a very "select boarding school," but we must remember that they were very hungry, and that they had waited an awfully long time for dinner to be served, and then, no one had ever told them how to hold the knife and fork. In a very few minutes, what had once been a little Molly Cottontail, was nothing more than some scattered bones, and tufts of fur clinging here and there to the sticks. But the saddest thing of all was when a little breeze rolled the poor little fluffy tail nearer and nearer the edge, and then blew it over, and down, down it went, zig-zagging thru the air until finally it rested in a clump of ferns in the valley below.

Sometimes their supper was a nice fat partridge, sometimes it was a groundhog or squirrel, and sometimes it was a snake. It was great fun trying to make the snake lie still and quit squirming while they dined. Their mother was not a very neat housekeeper, and she would let the whole place get all mussed up with feathers, and bones, and bunches of fur, and never once think of sweeping it off. But the babies did not mind that a bit, as each bone and each dry wing reminded them of some good meal they had eaten. When the shadows of the mountains creep across the valleys, and when the sun drops down behind Old Baldy in a lather of golden clouds, the father eagle would come sweeping home and perch on a jagged rock that stood out just below the ledge. And the mother would take her place over the pile of sticks and they would snuggle up under her wings, and with contented little hisses drop off to sleep, to dream of rabbits that were boneless, and of squirrels that were as big as bears.

Chicken-Little.

CHICKEN-LITTLE started out with others to go to the fields over beyond the pond and very bravely kept up for what seemed to the tiny creature like a very long time. Then its little yellow legs began to tire and it could not help it if it was the last one in the line. It was in the front at the beginning, and that was what made it all the harder to drop into the last line with the speckled cochin-china that did not care a bit for making a record for keeping up. After

They Said, "How Did You Get Here First?"

a while even the speckled hen was ahead, and Chicken-Little had to stop and stand first on one leg and then on the other. All the proud creatures of the barnyard had gone on and left it behind and Chicken-Little knew that they did not even remember that she had ever been alongside of them. She thought that if she got into the grass she might not have such tired feet and so she walked away from the road and stepped into the tracks of a big cow, which the grass had concealed, and down she sank until she thought she never would be able to pull herself out. There she was, all soiled and heavy with mud, and so tired she could not see straight. She lay down and thought she was the most miserable Chicken-Little in the world, but as she sat thinking about herself it began to rain and she did not even care. She lay and rested and, turning her head, saw some delicious looking seeds, which she snapped. She was getting so well rested when she heard a noise, and listening, knew that all the chickens were coming back, because the haughty birds hated the rain. Then that Chicken-Little had an idea and started for home as fast as she could run. She was inside the gate when the others came up and they said, "How did you get here first? What a smart Chicken-Little your are," and Chicken-Little never told, and loftily refused to run races with her sisters and brothers, and they respected her for it, but some day the cochin-china may give it away.

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Our MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM is a wonderful remedy for women who suffer from ailments peculiar to womanhood. Write us for a free trial package. Try it and it may do for you what it has for so many others. SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO., Box E, South Bend, Ind.

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a FREE GIFT and Guiding Hand to Successful home treatment—may prove of value to you beyond reckoning. Write for it today—enclosing only 25c. to pay shipping charges. You may never have another such opportunity.
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We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long-standing or recent development, whether it is present as occasional or chronic Asthma, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with asthma, our method should relieve you promptly.

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—Yet you will NEVER be rid of such diseases until YOUR Piles are REALLY CURED—and in a NATURAL way.
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Spanking does not cure children of BED-WETTING. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. There is a cause for this trouble. If your children trouble you in this way try Mrs. Summers' safe and successful home treatment, which has been a blessing to hundreds of families. Ask your druggist, or write today for FREE TRIAL and useful information; send no money, but address The Summers Medical Co., Box W, South Bend, Ind.

BOYS! VALUABLE PREMIUMS FREE
We give Guns, Watches, Cameras, Flashlights, Tool Chests and many other valuable premiums to our boys for selling our papers, The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger and Lone Scout.
ALSO CASH PROFITS
on every paper you sell. No experience necessary. We show you where to get customers and just what to do to build up a steady route of customers that means steady profits each week. Send us a postal today. Write on it, "I will sell your papers. Send me as many as you think I can sell," and send it to us and we will start you.
W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, Dept. 11,

He Gargled Too Many Times.

HE WAS a mine sweeper and, home on leave, was feeling a bit groggy. He called to see a doctor, who examined him thoroly.

"You're troubled with your throat, you say?" said the doctor.

"Ay, ay, sir," said the sailor.

"Have you ever tried gargling it with salt and water?" asked the doctor.

The mine sweeper groaned.

"I should say not!" he said. "I've been torpedoed seven times."

* * *

Couldn't Wait for Orders.

COL. WILLIAM HAYWARD, whose regiment of negro Americans includes the two who won the French war cross, writes home that his men went into the trenches singing a song which includes these lines, "We used to use the picks and spades, but now we throw the hand grenades."

One threw a grenade prematurely and when scolded for it, explained, "Why, Colonel, that old grenade, she started to swell right up in my hand, and I simply had to fling her."

* * *

War Experts.

GENERAL LEONARD WOOD said at a dinner in Washington:

"Some of the experts who write about the war are so ignorant of warfare that they remind me of Mrs. Jones.

"Good news," said Mrs. Jones' husband, looking up from his newspaper. 'Good news at last! The enemy's been driven back.'

"'Driven?' snorted Mrs. Jones. 'Did you say "driven," John? Huh! If I'd been me I'd a' made 'em walk.'"

The Wisdom of Bennie.

"MY BOY Bennie is lazy, but I must say he is smart," said the musician.

"Is he going to follow in your footsteps?"

"No. I learned to play the trombone and I've got to march about eight miles every time there is a parade. Bennie is learning the banjo, so they will have to let him sit down."

* * *

Only a Dream.

SOME ONE asked "Uncle Joe" Cannon the other day if we have an ideal Congress.

"No," snorted Uncle Joe, and added, "In my opinion the ideal Congress will be like the members of a certain family who were excessively quiet. Two of them, cousins, were out on a camping trip during one summer, and one morning at breakfast Bill said to his cousin:

"'Jim, there is a cow in the next field. I heard it bellow.'

"Nothing more was said till evening, when, on the way back to camp, Jim said:

"'How did you know it was a cow, Bill? It might have been a bull.'

"No further remarks passed, but next morning Jim found Bill packing up his pack and preparing for his departure.

"'Bill, what are you doing?'

"'I'm off,' said Bill. 'There's too much argument in this camp for me.'"

* * *

Antithesis.

"I SUFFER much from the heat!"

"I should say so. Nearly had a sunstroke rushing around to lay in next winter's coal."

Classified Want Ads

Information— The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in Chicago Ledger is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, cash with order. Initials and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

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WANTED SALESMEN TO SELL OUR LINE of auto accessories and tires to hardware, sporting goods, drug and general merchandise stores. Liberal commissions and large earnings can be made by live salesman who will give all or part time. Address S. Edelman & Co., 231 E. Ohio St., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—GUARANTEED HOSIERY FOR men, women and children. Must wear 6 months or replaced free. All colors, fancy and staple line of silk hose. Agents having wonderful success. Write for agency and samples. Thomas Hosiery Co., 3411 North 9th, Dept. 3, Fairfield.

AGENTS: SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTED 12x28 rugs, 11 each. Carter, Texas, sold 27 in one week; profit $17. Others sell as fast. Write today for color selling plans; exclusive territory; rapid money-makers. Rugs Importing Co., Dept. 1, Chicago.

AGENTS—A NEW ONE: HARPER'S FIRE Broom and Tea-Dip Holder are combined. Sells at sight. Every housewife wants one. Big seller; first order returnable. Harper Brush Works, Dept. 99, Fairfield, Iowa.

LARGE MANUFACTUREER WANTS REPRESentatives to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery. Make $5000 first year. Outfit furnished. Under free samples. Madison Mills, 502 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending holes in clothing, hosiery, anything; free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 707-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

AGENTS—WATER-PROOF KITCHEN APron. Every housewife buys. Dainty, durable, absorbent, sanitary, economical. Sample free. Thomas Co., 2111 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

KAISER DETHRONES SATAN," FUNNIest book out. 100 other fast sellers; depicting Huche brutality. 250. Tremendous sellers. John Hunt Warner, Atlanta, Ga.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample outfit free. Write quick. Lecastan Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS: LEARN ABOUT THE PROFITS in sanitary specialties by asking Leffler Co., 759 Wainut, St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED

MEN AND WOMEN WANTED, 18 TO 60, TO fill thousands of vacancies and new positions in Government service in Washington and elsewhere. Permanent, higher salaries, patriotic work. Common education sufficient. Quick appointments. Write for "Book 102," free, telling positions. Washington Civil Service School, 1260 Marden Bldg., Washington, D. C.

UNCLE SAM WANTS MEN—WOMEN—18 to 50 to prepare for government clerkships, $95 month. Write immediately for list positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. 727, Rochester, N. Y.

NAMES & ADDRESSES WANTED, $15.00 per hundred. Can be done in spare time; work for men & women. Copyists also wanted. Enclose stamp for particulars. Boston & Co., 1 Lexington, Mass.

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GOVERNMENT RAILWAY MAIL POST OFfice, rural carrier "exams" everywhere soon. Get ready at once. Common education; civil service examiner. Booklet free. Arthur Robert Patterson, Rochester, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, $140-$200. Colored porters, by railroads, everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 616 Railroad Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 48. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, reports. Salaries; expenses. American Foreign Detective Agency, 1434, St. Louis.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 210 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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PATRIOTIC, STEADY, WELL PAID EMployment in your own home—knit urgently needed war socks. We on the fast simple Auto Knitter. Full particulars, today. 2c stamp. Auto Knitter Company, Dept. 73M, 321 Jefferson, Buffalo, N. Y.

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THOUSANDS WOMEN—GIRLS, 18 OR OVER, wanted. U. S. Government jobs. $75 month. Pleasant work. Vacations. Many positions free. Write immediately, Franklin Institute, Dept. R, Rochester, N. Y.

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INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED. CASH OR royalty. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 44A, St. Louis, Mo.

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RISK A LITTLE MONEY TO MAKE MUCH? Will you risk $20 on the chance of losing it or making a small fortune? Don't say it's impossible. Get all the facts. New plan, nothing like it offered anywhere. Drilling now on 400 acre lease in Kansas Big Well territory. Money in this well deposited in escrow. Can be used for no other purposes. Want a few people who have "red blood" and not afraid to risk $20 for chance of a square deal and big profits, if we hit oil. We don't want the timid or helpless or those unable or unwilling to take a reasonable risk. If you believe that "the best way to get a chance is to take one," we want you with us. Send money by draft, certificate, or bank order. If you believe that "the best things are often overlooked on folder. Do it now before you lay this paper down, for this offer may never appear again. Address, Oil Investment Bldg., Denver, Colo.

MOST UNBELIEVABLE—REMARKABLE chemical discovery now makes it possible for soles of shoes to last a year. The Wales Rex Rubber Co., Akron, O., will send a formula to any address on receipt of 10c (silver or money order, no stamps). Anyone can go to any druggist and have filled—treat the soles of their shoes and make them last a year. Big money made "treating" your neighbors' shoes. Write for this wonderful formula sent free to those answering this ad.

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FREE 3 MONTHS TO GET ACQUAINTED, The Western Miner, 2341 W. 29th Avenue, Denver, Colo.

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IF YOU WANT TO SELL OR EXCHANGE your property, write me. John J. Black, 29th St., Chicago, Ill.

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SMALL MISSOURI FARM—$5 CASH AND $5 monthly pays for 5-acre tract; good soil, raising highly productive; no wet waste land. Already developed; near railroad town; close to good schools and churches. Close to good railroad facilities; three big markets. Perfect title. 2,000 foot oil and gas test well being drilled nearby. Photographs and full information free. Write Manager, M258, N. Y. Life Building, Kansas City, Mo.

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